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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*The Patent Rolls, preserved in the Tower of London*—[*Rotuli Litterarum Patentium*]  
—from the Year 1201 to 1216. Edited by  
T. D. Hardy, F.A.S. Printed by command  
of the King.

The reign of John is one of the most important (we had almost said the most important) in our annals; for not merely in that reign were the great principles of civil liberty first publicly and nationally recognized, but, during the turbulent period which intervened between the investiture of Stephen Langton as archbishop of Canterbury, and the refusal of John to acknowledge him, the more important principles of religious liberty first took root in the land. The refusal of John to recognize this great man as primate, was, as our readers doubtless remember, the origin of that contest with the papal power, which resulted in the infliction of the Interdict; an act which, by a strange perversion of justice, unchristianized a whole land, on account of the personal crimes of its ruler, and deprived the people of ecclesiastical succour, because the monarch had refused to acknowledge ecclesiastical rule. But England ere long found that this much dreaded sentence brought slight evils in its train, compared with those which the rapacity and tyranny of the king could inflict. The mandate which closed the churches, could not "bind up the sweet influences" of heaven, or paralyze the efforts of an advancing people. The earth yielded her fruits, industry obtained its reward, commerce flourished, and the walled towns rapidly arose into wealth and importance, even during that period when the nation lay under the papal ban.\* Thus, a searching question

\* Our readers will probably remember the dreadful pictures given in the old and brief histories of England, of the state of the country during the Interdict; but the story, that during its continuance neither divine service was performed, nor the sacraments administered, is pure fiction, for the Chronicle of Dunstable, a contemporary testimony, expressly asserts that the sacraments were administered to infants and to dying persons; that on Sundays the people were called together in the churches, to hear sermons and join in prayers; and that marriages and churchings were performed at the church door. Now, during the Middle Ages, marriages, except among the very highest classes, were always performed at the church door; it was the second part of the ceremony, which consisted of the benediction and the eucharist, that alone was performed at the altar (vide the "Sarum Breviary"). This, during the continuance of the Interdict, was interrupted, and, therefore, in the opinion of the superstitious chronicler, it was all but equivalent to no ceremony at all.

It was, indeed, on the ecclesiastical portion of the community that the weight of the Interdict fell heaviest; for bells, church ornaments, and the altar service, were all laid aside, and thus were the people, by the express mandate of one of the most profound and far-reaching of pontiffs (so short-sighted sometimes are the wisest)—driven from that gorgeous ceremonial, which is the proudest boast of the Latin church, to a simplicity of religious service, which almost anticipated the desires of the Puritans. After a short time, it appears that in some parts licences were obtained to perform divine service in the churches. However that may have been, the people seem to have gone on very comfortably during the whole six years of the Interdict.

The various grants of privileges recorded, show the increasing prosperity of the walled towns, and the Rolls now before us give unanswerable proofs, that, in spite of the papal anathema, people toiled, and gained wealth, and feasted, and kept holidays, as though there had been neither Interdict, nor an Injunction to impose it.

as to the extent of that power, heretofore deemed inferior to omnipotence alone, was pressed home upon each mind, while the multitudes, whom the closed churches sent to the churchyards and waysides, there to listen to the simple homily, learned the important truth, that religion is not dependent on place or circumstance—on the will of monarch or pontiff. And thus, when John, having reconciled himself to the papal see, invoked on his own behalf the thunders of the Vatican, the whole nation smiled at the appeal, and the once-dreaded bolt of ecclesiastical anathema, though wielded by no puny arm, was inefficient to deter the barons from one hostile movement, or the people from one just demand.

When the assembled barons, in the spring of 1215, found that Innocent had declared against them, and that no argument save that of the sword was likely to prevail with the king, they, after a short consultation, determined to take up arms, and uniting themselves by the title of "the army of God," they marched to London, where the citizens joyfully flung open their gates. From these Rolls it would appear as though John had some fears of the result of this contest, and was anxious to secure the neutrality, if he could not obtain the co-operation, of the Londoners.

A curious and characteristic precept shows the fears the king, at this time, entertained respecting his treasure.

"The king to Peter de Canele.—We command you that, taking with you Roger de Cordovan, Nichol Fitz Nichol, Phillip Longe, and Peter la Werr, ye proceed to our treasury, and on view of the aforesaid, cause locks to be affixed; and furthermore, to place new locks; and when ye shall take from that treasury, whatever you are to take, ye shall cause the keys to be sealed up, under the seals of the aforesaid four lawful men, and ye shall cause them to be safely kept in your custody."

From a precept, dated on the following day, we find that this treasury was at Bristol. The following precept was also dispatched to London.

"The king to William Earl of Salisbury, his brother, the mayor, sheriffs, and his barons of London greeting.—We send to you our venerable father the bishop of Coventry, and our faithful Hubert de Burgh, our seneschal of Poictou, *praying that so soon as ye hear them, and those things which they shall say to you on our part, concerning our credit and advantage, ye may keep your faith.*"

But the message was too late; ere the bishop of Coventry and Hubert de Burgh could have arrived, London had opened her gates to the insurgent barons; and the very day after the foregoing conciliatory mandate had been dispatched, John sent the following letter to the sheriff of Sussex.

"The king to Roland Bloet greeting.—Know ye, that the citizens of London gave up the city of London to our enemies, quickly, and of their own free will, on the Sunday before the feast of St. Dunstan. Therefore, we command you to carry away all that can be carried away from

Knap and elsewhere, and to bring it without delay to Bramber, and secure it in the house there, unless you can better bestow it in the castle. But the houses at Knap ye shall totally destroy. Signed by me at Freemantle, May 18th."

Two days after, the following general precept appears:—

"The king to all his bailiffs and faithful subjects, these, &c.—Know ye, that the citizens of London have fraudulently and seditiously wholly withdrawn from us, and our service and fidelity. And, therefore, we command you that when they, or their servants, or cattle pass by, ye shall do them all the evil which ye can possibly do, as unto our enemies. Winchester, May 20th."

From this time John seems to have been determined to make a vigorous defence, and the Rolls abound with precepts respecting the fortifying of various castles and towns, and the disposal of the foreign mercenaries, upon whose aid he mainly depended. To attach the leaders of these mercenaries more firmly to him, he lavished gifts and favours; and by a precept, dated May 27th, we find him conferring the proud, but most mischievous privilege, that of coining money, upon one of the most powerful of these, Savary de Mauleon, enacting that "his money should be current throughout the whole land of Poictou, Angoulesme, and Gascony."

During this time, however, John seems to have received overtures of peace from his barons, since there is a letter of safe conduct for the Earl of Winchester, "in coming to us, and staying with us, to treat with us concerning peace to be made between us and our barons": he, however, still continued his warlike preparations, and in the urgency of his summons to "all his soldiers, servants, and friends, who are to come to England," to hasten without delay, a proof is afforded of the increased power of his enemies. At length, as the following letter shows, John found it vain to resist longer.

"The king to all.—Know ye that we have taken into our safe conduct the venerable father our lord Stephen archbishop of Canterbury, and all those whom he shall bring with him to Staines, to treat of peace between us and our barons."

These were doubtless the nobles whose names are appended to the charter. That the discussions were long and violent, there is every reason to believe, for not until three weeks after the date of this letter did John yield to the demands of the nation.

Immediately after affixing his signature, he is reported to have retired, and to have given way to a paroxysm of the most ungovernable passion.† He, however, had the prudence or the cunning to appear to his nobles to have yielded with a good grace:

\* Ungovernable passion seems to have been a characteristic of the earlier Plantagenets. John's father would on particular occasions, throw himself into a maniacal fury; and one of the monkish chroniclers relates, that when disappointed in a favourite measure he tore off his mantle and cap, and then stripping the silken covering off the couch, threw himself on the ground and gnawed the rushes!

the following is the official notification of this important measure.

"The king to Stephen Harengod, &c.—Know ye that firm peace has been made, by the grace of God, between us and our barons, on the Friday next after the feast of the Holy Trinity at Runemede, near Staines. Also, that on the same day we there received their homage. We therefore command you, strictly directing, that as thou lovest our honour, and the peace of our kingdom, ye will see that no farther ill be done to our barons, or to others, or allow any occasion of discord to arise between us and them. We command you also, that concerning fines and tallages which may have occasioned us ill will, ye take nothing of what might be remaining, after the aforesaid Friday. And, that whatever you may have taken after that Friday, that ye forthwith return. And the bodies of prisoners, and the hostages of the captors, and whatever has been detained by occasion of this war, whether of fines, or of the aforesaid tallages, ye remit without delay. All these aforesaid things, even as thou lovest our person, do ye do. Signed by me at Runemede, 18th June, in the 17th year of our reign."

But, although the great charter was first ratified on Runemede, the victory of free principles over despotism was far from having been achieved; nor until nearly a century had passed away, nor until it had received many confirmations (in all thirty-five) from successive monarchs, did that charter become the inalienable possession of the people.

Shortly after signing this obnoxious document, John retired to Winchester, and while there, his plans may be easily traced by comparison of the documents in the Close Rolls, with those in the volume before us. The first precept, relating to his own affairs, is the following, addressed to Thomas de Sanford, who seems to have been associated with Hugh de Neville as keeper of his treasury at Corfe.

"We command that you send to us by Robert, the son of Nigel, and William de Rughedon, the associates of Hugh de Neville, whom we send, two barrels of money, (‘Denarius’ is the term used here, as it generally is throughout these Rolls, when merely money, and not a specific sum, is mentioned.) Also, let us have them at Winchester on the morrow of St. John the Baptist."

On the following day a precept is sent to sixteen abbeys and priories, directing that "all things which ye have of ours in your keeping, whether vessels or jewels of gold or silver, or other things, be sent by proper messengers without delay, when letters of quittance will be given." And then follow lists of silver cups, and vases, dishes, and tankards; "a gold cup adorned with pearls, which the lord Pope sent to us," girdles ornamented with green jasper, buckles set with sapphires and garnets, and sceptres enriched with every stone which the lapidary could furnish, all in such abundance as to prove how much of the royal treasure in the thirteenth century must have consisted of plate and jewels. Those valuable articles had most probably been pledged by the king during his late contest, (a plan of raising money by no means uncommon,) and we have little doubt that the "two barrels of pennies," provided the necessary sums to redeem them.<sup>1</sup> The barrels were probably

<sup>1</sup> Among the jewellry mentioned here, are gold combs set with precious stones of the weight of 22 ounces and a half! Some writers have doubted whether diamonds were known in England until the fourteenth century; they are mentioned two or three times in this volume.

soon emptied; and, therefore, within ten days we meet with another entry, acknowledging the receipt of *sixty-six* bags of money, from the same Thomas, containing nine thousand and ninety marks. But while, in these Patent Rolls, John appears laudably intent upon paying his debts, and doing justice, the numerous mandates, in the Close Rolls of the same period, for fast-sailing vessels, for the attendance of his especial favourites, with the numerous precepts for fortifying and victualling his castles, show that he was meditating revenge. In September he proceeded to Dover, and thence dispatched the following letter to Innocent:—

"To his reverend Lord, and most holy father Innocent, by the grace of God, high priest, John, by the same grace King of England, &c. greeting.—With a reverence due to so great a lord and father, whereas, *before we were disposed to subject ourselves and our realm to your dominion, the earls and barons of England never failed in their devotion to us; since then, however, and as they publicly avow, for that reason, they have been in continual and violent rebellion against us.* We truly believing that the defence of us and the kingdom which is yours, is committed to your holiness as being, after God, our special lord and patron, *do resign that care and anxiety to your lordship, devoutly supplicating that you will apply to our affairs, which are now your own, such effectual counsel and aid as shall seem most expedient.* We, therefore, send to your feet the bearers of these presents the venerable fathers, &c. whom we pray you to hear with favour; *for to your holiness we commit the authority which we have over all things belonging to us and our realm;* and we will hold ratified and established whatever, with the advice of our messengers, you shall thereupon think fit to ordain. Witness ourselves at Dover, Sept. 13th."

Ere an answer could be received from Innocent, an answer which the barons would little heed, since at that very time they knew that "the holy father" had expressed himself opposed to their proceedings, they again took up arms, and directed William d'Albini to take possession of Rochester Castle. This he did, and held it for many weeks against John and his mercenaries; the king meanwhile continuing to summon both Flemings and Poitevins, and to give special directions respecting the custody of his towns and castles, particularly those on the southern coast. In the Close Rolls we find the following precept, addressed to the bailiffs of Southampton and Portsmouth.

"We command you that on sight of these, and by counsel of our beloved and faithful William Brewer, ye provide money for the knights and cross-bowmen who are about to come from Poictou, from the farm of our city of Winchester while they stay."

In the Patent Rolls we find directions to the constable of Pevensey respecting fortifying that important castle, and to the constables of Bristol, Devizes, Marlborough, and several other castles, commanding them to obey the orders of his brother, the Earl of Salisbury. At the beginning of December the castle of Rochester surrendered, the garrison having been greatly reduced by famine; and John, with his characteristic cruelty, directed that every one of the prisoners should be hanged. This mandate, according to Matthew Paris, was opposed by Savary de Maulon, and at length, although many of the garrison were put to death, the knights were spared, but confined in various castles. This statement is confirmed by

these Rolls, for we there find three precepts, addressed to the constables of Walingford and Oxford, and to William de Cantilupe, respecting eleven knights, taken in Rochester castle, and who are directed to be kept in close confinement in their respective strongholds. Both parties now vigorously prepared for war; and even at Christmastide, that period so religiously devoted to the interchange of kind feeling, did the reckless monarch make preparation for carrying fire and sword into the northern parts of the land, for Innocent, in the plenitude of his fancied power, had annulled the charter. The following letter of safe conduct, and the precept to his treasurer at Corfe, give the first notes of preparation.

"Alan, the vintner of Reading, has letters of safe conduct to follow the army of the lord king with his chattels and merchandize."

"The king to Peter de Maulay.—We command that having taken from our treasury 10,000 marks, ye keep in your possession 1000, to do with them according to our precept; and the 9000 ye shall send to us with speed, by our faithful Engel de Cygoigny.<sup>2</sup> Concerning the other 1000, which ye now have, cause payment to be made to the knights and vassals who are with you in our castle of Corfe, by these countersigns, *that we send you by Peter de Russel, our ring which you sent to us by him.*<sup>3</sup> Also ye shall send us twenty large shields (targias), and our falcons.—Winchester, Dec. 13th."

How strongly characteristic of John's extravagant love of field sports is this last direction—what a strange mingling of thoughts! "Twenty large shields and our falcons!" Whether the king, during the Christmas holidays, found leisure to pursue his favourite pastime, is questionable; for after a stay of only two days at St. Alban's, where, according to Matthew Paris, he divided his army into two parts, and committed the charge of that destined for the midland counties to his brother, the Earl of Salisbury, he set forth for the north. From the testimony of these Rolls, we find how greatly dependent he was still on his foreign mercenaries, and what princely rewards he bestowed on them. Waleran the German, whose name often occurs, is appointed sheriff of Hertfordshire; Savary de Maulon, besides the confirmation, a few pages before, of the grant of coining money for the whole duchy of Aquitaine, receives the rich fiefs of Geffry de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, and Hugh de Vivon, "the whole land, with all appertaining, of William Malet," another powerful noble. From St. Alban's John set forth with great rapidity for the north; his progress seems to have been swift, allowing for the difficulties attendant on the movements of so cumbersome an adjunct as an army, in the very depth of winter, for we find him at Newcastle within a fortnight. His progress is said to have been marked by the most cruel and wanton devastation. A corroboration of this statement may be found in the following precept:—

<sup>2</sup> The name of this Engel de Cygoigny appears in one of the clauses of the original Magna Charta, among those of the evil advisers of the king, who were forthwith to be removed from their bailiwicks.

<sup>3</sup> There are many instances of the use of countersigns in these Rolls. Here is another:—"The King to Robert de Vipont.—If Guido de Castellon will find you such security as we elsewhere signified to you by letter, then cause him to be librated by this countersign:—namely, *we command you not to liberate him, unless we should send Thomas de Burgh to you.*" This is another:—"That brother E. of St. Maur, shall speak to you by word of mouth."

"The King to Robert Bardolf.—Know ye, that we have taken you under our safe conduct in coming to us, in staying with us to confer respecting our peace, and in returning; and know ye, that, as you belong to the *Croise*, we have done no ill to your lands, neither by fire, nor any other means; therefore we command you to come to us without delay.—At Lexington, 30th Dec."

From Newcastle John proceeded to Berwick; and on his road thither, and during his stay, the chronicle of Mailroose, a contemporary testimony, asserts that he and his followers committed every atrocity; and that on one occasion he set fire, with his own hands, to the house in which he had slept the preceding night. The following letter, addressed to all "his bailiffs and faithful subjects," seems to prove that little mercy was to be expected by any, unless they had obtained (and most probably for a "consideration") direct assurance of protection under the hand and seal of the sovereign:—

"Know ye, that we have taken into our peace John de Otrely; and therefore we command that whatever occasion of war may arise against us, ye neither do, or permit, any injury, molestation, or mischief, to him, his men, and his lands."

At the beginning of February we find John at Gisburne; and from thence he offers letters of safe conduct to all those in the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland who are willing to return to their allegiance and service. During the same month, overtures of peace seem to have been made, for we find preceps granting safe conduct to "Robert de Ros and Peter de Brus, with all those whom they shall bring with them, without arms, to the conference respecting making peace;" and within a few lines we also find letters of safe conduct given to the bearers of two goshawks, which were to be brought to the king. The two following preceps are characteristic:—

"Phillip de Marc (he was sheriff of Nottingham) is commanded to deliver to William de Cantilupe and Engel de Cygoigny, 1000*l.* of the lord king's money (*de denariis*), which are in his keeping, to be sent as the lord king directed, and let him send at the same time the king's *colt*. Witness the King.—Stamford, Feb. 28th."

"The king to all his bailiffs and faithful subjects.—Know ye, that we have received in our chamber, on the Sunday after the feast of St. Matthew, at Stamford, by the hands of Peter de Baile, clerk, and William of Paris, *in money, vessels, and plate*, 410*l.* (of the fine) of 1000*l.*, which the citizens of Lincoln made to us.—Stamford.—Dated the same day."

A short time before this John remained a few days at Lincoln; the poor citizens were therefore most probably compelled to pay this heavy fine, as a thank-offering for the honour of a royal visit. In March we find him at Bedford; and while there, he receives, besides smaller sums for the ransom of prisoners, 331*l.* for the ransom of those taken at Belvoir—castle which, from many entries respecting it, seems to have been at this time a most important stronghold. This sum appears large; but from a succeeding precept, dated at Hanslope, we find the ransom of Baldwin, constable of Ermelingham, estimated at no less a sum than *one thousand pounds!* that is, fifteen thousand of our present money. About this time we find him receiving several fines "for our grace and favour"; and this grace and favour seems to have been highly valued, for Fulke d'Orvry pays five hundred marks for it. The im-

portance of the continued allegiance of the Cinque Ports, and the towns on the coast of Suffolk and Norfolk, were, we find, duly estimated by John; for these Rolls abound with instances of extension of privileges, and commendations of "our faithful burgesses, who have borne themselves firmly and constantly in our allegiance and service during this war," as well as letters of safe conduct granted to individual burgesses, and to their vessels and merchandize.

We must here remark, that the war seems to have been carried on with more respect to private property and individual rights than we should have expected. Foreign merchants, burgesses of various towns, women desirous of seeing their captive husbands or sons—persons evidently neither attended by a numerous train, nor capable of paying large sums for protection, have letters of safe conduct granted them. This proves, too, that discipline was maintained even among the foreign mercenaries, of which John's army was chiefly composed;—and it further appears that the civil power was more than a mere name, even during the heat of war, since "the Abbess of Meauling and Margaret de Modingdon" deemed the same security sufficient to enable them to pass through the very midst of a hostile county.

In March, the city and strong castle of Colchester fell into John's possession; and the following letter shows that he was determined to take all he could:—

"Know ye, that on the Friday, the feast of St. Edward, we received in our wardrobe, from the monks of Sybton, *of the goods of our enemies excommunicated at Colchester*, *silver vessels weighing six score and fourteen marks and a half, and in bezants and other gold, three marks one ounce and a half, and four great pitchers de Mazer, with feet and handles gilded, and small boxes with charts and documents.*"

This is followed by a precept directing "that all who bring victuals to the army shall suffer no ill or impediment." The following introduces us to a well-known monkish chronicler:—

"Ralph of Coggeshall, the monk, and Master Stephen of Sparham, whom the lord king sent upon his mission, have letters of safe conduct to Shoreham."

On the 29th of March he acknowledges the receipt of crown jewels and royal apparel from Henry de Arundel, the preceptor of the Knights Hospitallers: these consist, among other things, of girdles set with precious stones; a "royal tunie of red silk, with goldsmith's work and precious stones on the borders;" gloves adorned with gems and gold flowers; a carcanet of diamonds surrounded by rubies and emeralds; and a crown adorned with precious stones, consisting of *a cross and seven flowers.*" These were most probably the crown jewels which were lost a few months after at the Cross Keys. In April, John received 19,000 marks from William Brewer; and on the 9th of the same month we find him at Reading, from whence he sends the following letter, which is the first notice, in these Rolls, of Lewis having accepted the invitation of the barons to come over to their aid.

"The King to Louis, eldest son of the King of France. We send to you J. Prior, of Coventry, and N. Chamberlain, of Reading, by whom we signify to you, that if we have interfered with you in anything, we will cause it to be amended."

Louis, however, made preparation to set sail for England, as heedless of the excommunication which Innocent had fulminated against him, as the barons and the Londoners, suffering under a similar infliction, had been. John, on his part, was not idle: we find him giving strict and ample directions respecting the custody of his castles, and issuing several letters patent addressed to "all those who stood out against us in this war," urgently imploring their return to their allegiance. In May, Louis set out from Calais, with six hundred and eighty sail; the weather was unpropitious, and dispersed the fleet, and many of the vessels were taken by the mariners of the Cinque Ports. There is a most laudatory letter in these Rolls, dated June 1st, addressed to the barons of Rye, and the other Cinque Ports, thanking them "for the good service which they and their forefathers have always done," which probably refers to this last "good service," especially. Louis at length effected his landing at Sandwich, and from thence marched to London, where he was well received. The following precept is curious:—

"The King to the Barons of Winchelsea, &c. If our adversary Louis should, in his own person, make descent upon your town, we grant, that rather than your town should be fired, or ye sustain great loss, ye shall give him 200 marks for ransom. And concerning other things we will send to you.—Devezis, June 9th."

We shortly after find that Reginald de Cornhill, the most confidential perhaps of his English servants, had fallen under displeasure, for "Isabella, wife of Reginald de Cornhill, has letters of safe conduct to confer with the King respecting the liberation of her husband," and in a subsequent precept we find his ransom stated at the enormous sum of *three thousand marks!* (30,000*l.*) Several ladies have letters of safe conduct on similar errands. During this and the following month, John continued in the southern part of the kingdom. The following letter of safe conduct to the merchants of Poictou and Gascony, show that the southern counties still remained in his allegiance.

"Know ye, that we grant you our safe and secure conduct in coming to England with all your goods and merchandize, on your doing according to the just and due customs," (this probably refers to paying the usual tolls) "and here to remain, and hence safely to return. *And therefore do ye land between the Isle of Wight and Bristol*, in the counties of Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, which are not in the hands of our enemies.—Shireburn, Aug. 27."

About this time, overtures of peace, probably on John's side, seem to have been made, for there is a letter of safe conduct for all in the before-mentioned counties who were willing to come either with or without arms, to the Lord King, "*ad logendum cum eo de pace.*" He also directs Rusteng de Solar, and another, to liberate, without delay, two of the vassals of the Earl of Pembroke, his great opponent, by token, "that you, Rusteng, demanded of us a horn crossbow, and that Godscal told you, in your own room, that you ought not to deliver up those prisoners, unless by this countersign, that you asked us for a crossbow." These prisoners, therefore, seem to have been of importance, and were probably liberated with a view to placate the Earl. The King also addresses a letter to the barons of the Cinque Ports, from which it appears that they had gone over to

Louis; in this he "prays them, that notwithstanding the oath taken to Louis, son of the King of France," they will return to their allegiance, seeing that "we conceive nought of wrath or rancour of mind toward you; but if ye are willing to return to our faith, we will remember you with benefits and remuneration worthy of you, and will enrich you with liberties and franchises to the perpetual exaltation of you and yours." It is probable that the defection of these, his favourite towns, preyed deeply upon John's health; and, from the monkish historians, we learn, that in heavy affliction of body and mind he set out on his last progress through Suffolk and Norfolk. Matthew Paris asserts, that on his road Savary de Mauleon plundered the abbeys of Peterborough and Croyland, and burnt their corn: although these places are not mentioned in the itinerary, Mr. Hardy yet considers it not improbable that the King might have visited them in his route from Spalding to King's Lynn. We may remark, too, that the phraseology used by Matthew Paris seems to refer to the King and his army generally, but that "these unheard of wickednesses" are expressly attributed to Mauleon and "his nefarious accomplices." The same authority informs us, that at Lynn he was received with great joy and many gifts. We have numerous testimonies, in the volume before us, of the attachment of the King to his "good burgesses of Lynn;" while there, he issues the following:—

"Know ye, that we have taken under our protection and defence the manors of Werme-gay, Stowe, Rungeton, Newton, and Wyneberg, and all other lands and possessions of our beloved and faithful Hubert de Burg, our justiciar.—9th Oct."

On the following day John set out northward, and on the next night his treasure, crown jewels, indeed all his stores, were lost in the flood at the Cross Keys. The King, sick both in body and mind, was carried to the Abbey of Swineshead, from thence to Sleaford, and finally to Newark, where, on the 13th of October, he died. We have been rather disappointed in not finding in these Rolls any notice, either of the preceding illness of John, or of that loss, which evidently hastened its crisis; most probably those around him were anxious to prevent the news of his danger from being known, that they might better secure to young Henry, who seems to have been with them, the possession of the crown.† And therefore, even to the last day of his life, we find precepts addressed to his bailiffs urging them to continue firm in their allegiance, and we might almost consider it as affording an additional instance of "the ruling passion strong in death," that the two last precepts, both subscribed "testa me ipso," although his fingers must have been stiffening in death, are to direct payment of the remaining portions of the fines due from Reginald

† The statement in the preamble of his will would also seem to prove that his death was rather unexpected, since in that, (and it was dictated on the very day,) he says, "Not having sufficient space in this time of my weakness, now hastily passing away, that my testament should be adapted to every one, and for all of my affairs, the ordering and disposition I commit to my faithful subjects hereunder written." He then specifies twelve, five clerical and seven lay, to arrange his affairs, only directing that he should be buried in Worcester cathedral, and requesting that his son Henry might succeed him.

de Cornhill and Robert de Rottel for their ransoms.

In our examination of these Rolls we have somewhat exceeded the limits we proposed to ourselves, but the historical value of the foregoing extracts will, we think, be a sufficient excuse. From a consecutive series, such as we have now placed before the reader, he will be far better able to estimate the value of the Patent Rolls, than from a miscellaneous selection, since he will perceive, what strong corroborations of contemporary chroniclers, what additional information, and how many minute and characteristic traits, both of the monarch and of the times, these state documents supply. As, too, the collection of the Patent Rolls at the Tower extend, in an almost unbroken series, from the third year of John to the close of Edward the Fourth's reign, we are the more anxious to direct the attention of our readers to this *first* volume, because we trust it will soon be followed, under the same intelligent superintendence, by many others, all throwing important light upon obscure and controverted points of history, all exhibiting vivid and authentic pictures of the times, and vindicating a much abused class of writers, the monkish historians, and a very ill-understood period, the Middle Ages, from a mass of ignorant and unmerited obloquy.

#### Goethe's Correspondence with a Young Lady.

[Second Notice.]

To a foreign reader, the anecdotes and descriptions contained in such a familiar correspondence as this, have an attraction quite peculiar. To know something of the temper, the personal bearing, and household discourse of those whom we have learned to admire at a distance for their deeds or works, is a privilege generally reserved for a few alone. The enjoyment of this nearer intercourse with the gifted of any place or nation is a precious thing,—it is perhaps desirable, with respect to the great poets and artists of Germany, beyond all others. In a country where formal usage and convention have made less progress than elsewhere in leveling the outward exhibitions of character or humour, the tone of an original mind is heard with universal distinctness in the slightest utterances of speech or action; and the domestic history of a man of genius is hardly less noticeable than his deliberate productions.

It is therefore exceedingly delightful to be led, by such a guide as our fair letter-writer, into friendly converse with the chosen spirits of her country; to observe in their unreserved discourse the influence of their several callings, and to behold amongst them the muse of the poet and of the artist, not merely honoured with a ceremonious worship, but beloved as the companion in all circumstances of daily life. Every page, almost, of the volumes now before us records some familiar trait or remembrance of persons whom distance (as Madame de Staél has happily remarked) had taught us to regard as belonging to the past. Amongst these we rejoice to meet Beethoven, that unequalled genius, whose marvellous and subtle power has given to music a compass and a mastery that none before him had ever dared to conceive. In 1810 our young friend Bettine visited Vienna, accompanied by her relation Savigny, the distinguished jurist; and here

she became acquainted with the great composer, whom our readers will be glad to approach in the following passages:

It is of Beethoven that I will now speak to you—with him I have forgotten you and all the world beside; my judgment is indeed still unripe, but I do not therefore err when I assert (what at present is not yet perhaps understood or believed), that he strides far beyond the intellectual advance of all other men,—and shall we ever come up with him?—I doubt it! If he but live until the mighty and exalted enigma that resides in his soul has ripened to its highest perfection;—yes, if he but accomplish his highest aim, he will certainly place in our hands the key to a spiritual revelation, which shall bring us one step nearer to true happiness.

This enthusiastic prophecy will appear extravagant enough to those who are wont to regard the art musical with the contemptuous eyes of our dear countrymen:—we will, however, let our animated little philosopher proceed in her confession of faith, however startling:—

To you I need not fear to acknowledge that I believe in a divine magic, which is the element of our spiritual nature:—and this magic Beethoven employs in his art; all relating to it that he can teach you is pure magic—every position is the organization of a higher Being—and thus indeed does Beethoven feel himself to be the founder of a new stage of advance for the senses in the spiritual life. \* \* \* All the busy cares of mankind move to and fro before him like a machine,—he alone, from sources within himself, freely creates the unexpected—the unembodied. What is intercourse with the world to such as he, whom the sunrise finds already at his noble task, and who, even when the sun is gone down, hardly casts a look abroad—forgetting all care for his bodily sustenance, and rapidly carried past the flat shores of daily life on the stream of inspiration? He said to me himself, "When I open my eyes, I cannot choose but sigh, for what I behold is at enmity with my faith, and I am forced to despise the world, which has no conception that music is a higher revelation than all their wisdom and philosophy:—it is the wine which inspires new creations; and I am the Bacchus that crushes out this noble juice for mankind, and makes their spirits drunk; and when they are sobered again,—then you see what a world of things they have fished up to bring back with them to *dry land* again. I have no friend: I must needs live alone with myself, but I well know that God is nearer me in my art than others: I commune with him without fear: evermore have I acknowledged and understood him; and I am not fearful concerning my music, no evil fate can befall it;—and he to whom it is become intelligible, must become free from all the paltriness that the others drag about with them."

Here let us interrupt the course of Bettine's description for a moment, in order to point attention to the spirit of highly-wrought and devout enthusiasm, in which the great artist looked on the object of his labours. We have long felt, in our admiration of his noble works, that no vulgar purpose can have influenced their production; and it is in the highest degree interesting and instructive to be shown what were indeed his views of the scope and worthiness of the art which he raised to an eminence hitherto unreach'd.

All this Beethoven said to me the first time I saw him; a feeling of reverence pierced through me as he uttered his mind to me with such friendly openness:—I was, moreover, surprised, for I had been told that he was uncommonly shy to others, and willingly conversed with no one. They were afraid to introduce me to him,

and I was forced to seek him out alone. He has three residences, in which he alternately buries himself, one in the country, one in town, and the third in the suburbs; here at last I found him in the third story. Without being announced, I entered—he was seated at the piano. I mentioned my name—he was very friendly, and asked, "Would I like to hear a song he had just composed?"—thereupon he sang with such a shrill and piercing voice, that its plaintiveness re-acted on the hearer, "Kennen du das Land?" + "Tell me, is not that beautiful?" he said with animation—"rarely beautiful!—I will sing it again!" My cheerful praise delighted him. "Most men are touched by what is good, but these are no *artist-natures*—artists are *ardent*; they do not weep!"

How much of the peculiar genius of Beethoven's music is conveyed in these few words!—upon which, were this the fitting place, pages of comment might be written. \* \* \* He accompanied me, and on the way thither, he said those fine things concerning art, which I have already mentioned; during this he spoke so loud, standing still in the street the while, that it required some courage to listen to him:—he spoke with great passion, and in a manner too startling to leave me any recollection that we were in the street:—every one was surprised to see him enter with me in the midst of a large party assembled to dine with us. After dinner, without being asked, he went to the instrument, and played long, and wonderfully: his pride, as well as his genius, was excited, and under such an impulse his mind creates the inconceivable, and his fingers execute the impossible.

The following passage, wherein Beethoven describes the progress of a conception in his mind, and its development in a musical form, will be regarded as a revelation of no common interest.

Beethoven remained standing in the oppressive heat of the sun, and said, "Goethe's poems exercise a vast power over me, not merely by the meaning they contain, but by their rhythm as well:—I become disposed and urged to composition by this language, which, as if by a spiritual influence, ascends to the forms of a higher order of arrangement, and already contains in itself the mystery of harmonies. Then, as it were from a central point of inspiration, I must evolve the melody on all sides—I follow it, and eagerly recall it again; I see it escape me, vanish amidst the multitude of different impulses that start up,—again I seize upon it with renewed passion—I cannot part with it—I must multiply it in every form of modulation with quick rapture—and at the last moment I obtain triumphant mastery over the first musical thought—observe,—now, that is a symphony!"

And what symphonies indeed were they, —born, as we now learn, in the very bosom of poetry, and fostered into the fulness of living power, by one himself a great poet!

He took me to a grand rehearsal, with full orchestra,—there I sat quite alone in a box, in the vast unlit space; single gleams of light stole through crevices and knot-holes in the walls, dancing like a stream of glittering sparks. —There I saw this great genius exercise his sovereignty—O, Goethe! no Kaiser or king feels so entirely his power, and that all might proceeds from himself, as this Beethoven! He stood there with such firm decision—his gestures, his countenance expressed the completion of his creation: he prevented every error—every misconception, not a breath but was under command—all were set in the most sedulous activity by the majestic presence of his mind. One

+ Few readers will need to be informed that this was his exquisite version of Goethe's celebrated song in the *Wilhelm Meister*.

might prophesy that a spirit like this, in its later perfection, will one day appear as the ruler of a world.†

From these delightful remembrances we may now turn to share the fair heroine's sympathy with the gallant men of the Bavarian Tyrol, whose sufferings and constancy she may be said almost to have had under her very eyes during her residence at Munich. The alliance of the Bavarian house with Napoleon, our readers will recollect, compelled the court of Munich to persecute as rebels those brave mountaineers, when striking for the cause of Austria—by whom, alas! they were so shamefully ill-treated. At Munich, therefore, all avowed interest in the success of the gallant Tyrolese was regarded as a mark of disaffection, and was not without danger; but Bettine was too young to enter into reasons of state, and too generous to conceal her cordial sympathy; and in no instance, we think, does she appear more thoroughly love-worthy than in the unaffected display of her anxiety for the "puir hill folk," or in her warm indignation at the close of their unfortunate struggle. We snatch a trait here and there from the many letters written during the war, and all full of the subject.

They have said good-bye to operas and music; the illustrious lover of the *prima donna* goes to the wars; the academy hangs out mourning lamps, and covers her face till the storm shall pass by: and thus all are in silent weary waiting for the enemy—who, perhaps, after all, will not come. I, too, am in a ferment, and that on the revolutionary side. The Tyrolese! I am for them, as you may imagine. Oh! I am weary of hearing our neighbour's flute from the attic panting through its passages all night long!—the drum and the trumpet, they make the heart

"O, had I a doublet, and breeches, and hat!"

I would run over to the plain-faced, right-hearted Tyrolese, and make their fair green standard flap in the wind. I have a great aptness for stratagem, and were I but once there, I could certainly do them some service. My money is all gone; a good fellow, an apothecary, invented a scheme for conveying it to the Tyrolese prisoners that are kept in strict confinement here. The grated windows of the prison face an unoccupied space by the river; there were gathered all day long a pack of naughty boys pelting them with mud; towards evening we went thither: while one of us, next to the sentinel, cried out, "What smoke is that in the distance?" and the man turned round to look, the other showed to the prisoners the glittering coin as he wrapped it in paper, and then made it up into a ball with the mud; "Now, take heed!"—said he; and threw it at the Tyrolese; in this manner we succeeded several times—the sentinel was quite pleased that the naughty boys could aim so truly.

In another place:—

I have no spirit and no wit left: oh! had I but a friend, who would take me by night "over the hills and far away!" The Tyrolese in this cold season are lying amidst the rocks with their wives and children—and their heroic breath warms all the atmosphere. When I ask Count Stadion if the Archduke Charles will not also certainly forsake them, he folds his hands together, and says, "that I will not survive!"

Why then should I weep for those that have breathed out their life with such joyful enthusiasm?—what makes me thus lament?—here there needs no pity but for me, who must constrain myself so hardly to endure these things. \*\*

+ Bettine, it would seem from this passage, has some Indian fancies concerning the metempsychosis.

I have the second sight, Goethe! I see the tall, mighty oaks, the dwellings, the men, the green meadows—the happy flocks, the fondly tended wealth of this people of heroes—I see all clothed with greater beauty ascend with them to heaven,—all, even to the trusty hound, that, in defence of his master, like him despised death. \* \* \*

To-day is the 18th of May—the trees are all in bloom—what will happen yet ere the fruit ripens! Yesterday eve the sky glowed redly over the Alps yonder—not with the fires of sunset! No! with the flames of slaughter. There were they perishing in the flames—the mother with her sucking child!—here all was resting in the silent peace of night, and the dew was cooling the grass—there the blaze was baking to a cinder the ground soaked with noble blood! I spent half the night on the tower in the palace garden—looking at the ruddy glow—and know not what to think of it; nor could I pray, for it profits them not, and God's destiny is greater than all sorrow, and outweighs every lamentation. Ah! if yearning grief be prayer, why hath not God heard my fervent entreaty?

My last dream this morning!—there came to me, on a battle field, a man of gentle countenance and steadfast bearing; (it may be Hofer,) he stood amidst the dead bodies and said to me, "All these died with great *joyfulness*!" At the same instant I awoke in tears.

With one other passage, written on hearing the tidings of Hofer's execution, we must complete the interesting picture.

I had followed Hofer step by step. How often, after the burden and heat of the day, has he lain concealed throughout the deep night in the lonely mountains, and taken counsel with his own pure conscience! and this man, whose soul, unsoiled by one serious fault, lay open to all, an example of innocence and heroism, has now at last, on the 20th of February, suffered death, as the completion of his great destiny. How could it be otherwise? Was he to live on, and endure disgrace, like the rest? It might not be; and thus God has ordained it for the best, that he, after a brief pause from this bright, patriotic inspiration, in full strength and consciousness of his desert, and worse, contrary to his destined fate, should be torn for ever from his wretched country! For a fortnight he lay in the dungeon at Porta Molina, with many other Tyrolese. He received his sentence with unshaken steadfastness. They would not let him take leave of his beloved countrymen; the drums drowned the wailing and lamentation of the Tyrolese prisoners. By the hands of the priest he sent them all the money he had left; and requested they might be told, that he went to death with good cheer, and looked for their prayers to attend him on his way. As he passed by the doors of their prison, they all fell on their knees and wept. At the place of execution, he said, "he stood before his Creator, and, standing, would yield up his spirit to him." He gave the corporal a piece of money, coined during his administration, with the charge, "that he should bear witness that, in his latest moments, he felt himself bound to his unfortunate country by every tie of constant faith:"—and then he cried out, "Fire!" \* \* \* I must close my letter: what more could I write to you?—the whole world has lost its colour for me!

It is but justice to the poet, to whom these letters were addressed, to give one specimen of the manner in which he returned the various offerings of his young votary. The following graceful little note was written in acknowledgment of the journal kept at his desire, from which an extract has already been made:—

Dear Bettine,—I have again been guilty of an oversight, in omitting to mention the reception

of your diary. You must think me unworthy of so beautiful a gift; and yet I cannot convey in words what I owe to you. You are my only dearest child; to whom I joyfully owe every bright glance into a spiritual life; which, without you, perhaps, I should never more have enjoyed. The book is treasured up in a place where I keep continually within reach all your dear letters, so full of beauty. For these I can never thank you sufficiently:—only this I may say, that I let no day pass without turning them over. At my window grow a carefully tended selection of graceful foreign plants. Every new flower and bud that welcomes me at early morning is cropped, and deposited, according to the Indian custom, as a “grass-offering,” in your dear book. All that you write is a spring of health, whose crystal drops impart a joy to my life. Continue to bestow on me this refreshment, which is now become necessary to me.

We must now conclude; without, however, having exhausted a tenth part of the passages marked for extraction. We have, it may be hoped, exhibited enough to justify the praise bestowed upon a publication, the equal of which, in vivacity and original character, we have not met with for many a day.

*The Poetry of Life.* By Sarah Stickney. 2 vols. Saunders & Otley.

It may appear to many, that, in these days of mechanism and money-getting, when the perpetual excitement of political movement, and the increased exertion required to provide the necessities of life, leave the contemplative little leisure for dreaming, and offer still less encouragement for him to reveal his visions, the authoress of two volumes, treating of the materials of poetry, when poetry itself is so little called for, must have written rather for the relief of her own mind than for the sympathy of others. We are not of this opinion.

It is true that the poetry of Flowers—Trees—Evening—The Moon—Rural Life—Painting—Sound—Language—Love—Grief—Woman—the Bible—Religion, hardly required a new expounder; or, if one offered, it might reasonably be required of him, that he should command a grasp of thought, a force of language, a brilliancy of illustration, which it is no disparagement to the authoress of these two well-intended volumes, to say, that she does not possess. But if Miss Stickney had dealt rather in details than generalities, she might, we think, have wrought on her favourite subject with equal enthusiasm and greater chance of success.

We are not among the desponding *landatores temporis acti*, panegyrists of the past, who believe that the spirit of poetry is dead, because its voice has all but ceased to be heard among us. We know it to be immortal, though the forms under which it may appear are as various as the *avatars* of the fabled Indian divinity. To speak in parables, it may be one of the conditions of our age, that the waters of the celestial fountain should flow widely through the humble channels of every-day life, instead of, as of old, gushing forth in solitary places for the gladdening and refreshment of the elect, who made pilgrimages to the haunts of its upspringing. We hoped to have seen this truth traced out, and, as the old divines would have said, “improved,” in the work before us. We should, indeed, call him a benefactor who would point out to the people the light which shines amidst the chaos of

ordinary life; who would zealously and affectionately disentangle the spiritual from the sensual in all its cares and concerns; and, finding that we are too worldly or impatient to be charmed by the beautiful phantoms which delighted our more simple-hearted and contemplative forefathers,—create for us a new world of lofty hopes and ‘fancies chaste and noble,’ even out of the unpromising materials which this trading and unquiet age furnishes. It would be his task to reconcile its mechanical tendency with the diviner mind within us,—to whisper to those who bewail their imprisonment in cities, that the human heart beats as strongly in the factory as in the open field; that as high aspirations may be kindled over crowded pages of calculations, or amidst the fumes of the laboratory, as ever stirred the bosom of enthusiast, dwelling—

in the forest lone,

Or at the feet of mountains huge and gray;—he should show us that the power and picturesque imagery of the days of the strong hand have yielded to the far mightier influence of the strong mind; that there is a moral sublimity in reality, to which we must all bow—even while we keep a corner of our hearts open to the graceful shadows and traditions of the past. It is possible that our view of the subject may be extreme; but it is worth considering, and we are sure that it may be worked out—nay, that *it is working out* in our literature.

*Travels in Chili, Peru, and on the River of Amazonas, during the years 1827—1832.*

By E. Poeppig—[*Reise in Chile, etc.*] Leipzig, 1835; London, Black.

HAPPY the man who loves and studies nature! The object of his attachment is sure to smile on him in return. Wherever he roams, in whatever clime he travels, he finds his gratification as ample as the field of his research. The cultivated fields seem arranged to please him; the sunburnt desert fills him with the interest of an unsolved problem; in the bare rocky steeps of the Andes he exultingly traces the construction of the solid framework of the globe; and he hails with rapture the thick and tangled forest as a store of endless treasures. E. Poeppig, the German traveller, whose volume lies now before us, is a man of this happy mood, and his ardour, we doubt not, has fully satisfied the wishes of those friends of natural history who, having subscribed a moderate sum of money for the purpose of collecting plants and zoological specimens, intrusted to his hands the execution of their projects. He tells us that he has brought home with him 17,000 plants, above 300 *exuviae* of birds and beasts, besides shells without number, and geological specimens. The results of his scientific investigations are to appear in a future work. Into the volume of his narrative, which is now before us, Dr. Poeppig has completely succeeded in infusing the mild and genial character of his pursuits. It is possible that the German naturalist has dipped into the Greek Anthology—nay, he may even be deeply versed in the mysteries of longs and shorts; yet he is quite free from the superciliousness of so many of our English travellers, who, with all their air of superior civilization, are too often incompetent observers of the phenomena of nature. Satisfied with the abundant resources of hill and

dale, he is raised above the artificial wants of society, and divesting himself of the prejudices which arise from conventional usages, feels himself not incapable of maintaining a cordial intercourse with his fellow men, however simple and unrefined they may chance to be. If our readers, trusting too implicitly in the descriptions of old writers, believe Chili to be an ever-verdant Paradise, they are grievously mistaken. The scenery of that favoured country has, like all mundane things, its vicissitudes; and, at the close of the dry season, Valparaiso, notwithstanding the promise of its name, is a spot particularly calculated to mortify and disgust the newly-arrived stranger.

We, says our author, who during a long voyage (round Cape Horn) had seen nothing but black and dreary rocky islands, and a cheerless sky, now (in the Bay of Valparaiso) looked round us in vain to discover some green tree or grassy slope. In whatever direction the eye turned, it was sure to encounter monotonous steep cliffs of grey syenite, which are all connected with the same semicircular mountain ridge. The sides and summit of this ridge, are painted in the colours of an old brick, brown and red, and not a single group of trees breaks this dull uniformity, inasmuch as the parched ground is capable only of nourishing a few bushes with woody boughs and greyish leaves. Many broad slopes are quite destitute even of these, and are either covered with heaps of stones, or split into reddish gaps and ravines. Narrow and dangerous paths wind over the summit of the ridge, and along these, involved in ruddy clouds of dust, long trains of mules, laden with the productions of the country, descend to the port. The deep and dark gullies, which sink down from the mountain top to the sea side, have no signs of a living brook; their perpendicular rocky sides are still barer than the rest. It is only at the bottom of those gullies, where some soil has been heaped together, that one remarks a faint tint of green, a trace of the careful garden culture of the poor peasant, during a short period of the year. A line of irregular houses, hardly distinguishable from the dark rocks which rise immediately behind, mingled with low straw huts, and without any public buildings or towers to set them off, press on the narrow sandy beach. Numerous little cabins, like birds’-nests, hang one above another on the ledges of the rocks, but so narrow are they, and confined, that a stranger can hardly bring himself to think them habitable. Farther to the left, extends a broader strand, on which are some rows of houses of no very imposing appearance, above the dusty roofs of which, a tree is here and there seen to rise. This is the suburb called *Almendral*, which, but for the difficulty its shallow shelving strand presents to the approach of boats, would probably become, from its greater spaciousness, the busy and mercantile quarter of the town.

Valparaiso, though the chief commercial entrepôt of Chili, and indeed one of the most flourishing sea-ports of South America, is nevertheless peculiarly unfortunate in its local situation. The bay affords no shelter to shipping during the winter months; the country which surrounds it is of the most barren description; and the want of space at the base of the cliffs prevents the improvement of the town. But, in spite of these disadvantages, the place has increased rapidly of late years, and is supposed to contain at present above 20,000 inhabitants. Of this number 3,000 are strangers. The dissipation prevalent among the foreign merchants, who are the most wealthy portion of the population, and the dissolute manners of the lower

orders, characteristic of all sea-ports, are apt to betray strangers, on their first arrival at Valparaiso, into an unfavourable and erroneous estimate of Chilian morality.

Extreme aridity, however, is the reproach of only the northern half of Chili, where rain rarely falls, where there is little wood to protect the ground from the scorching rays of the sun, and where, consequently, the verdure spreads but a little way from the banks of the rivers. South of the river Maule (lat. 36° S.) the country wears a different aspect.

Our author having herborized a sufficient time in the vicinity of Valparaiso, ascended towards the Cordillera, and found little change in the vegetation within the height of 4,000 feet above the sea. His new dwelling, at a considerable elevation, and near the perpetual snows of the Andes, was a straw-thatched hut, covered in at the sides with cow-hides. Here he passed some months, roaming along the valleys by day, and retiring under his humble roof at sunset to arrange the produce of his day's labour. His longest excursion was to *La Cumbre*, the highest ridge crossed by the road which conducts over the Cordillera to Mendoza. The impression which this mountain scenery made on him, will be best learned from his own words:—

The character of the Andes is widely different from that which every body, on even a short acquaintance, acknowledges to be the distinguishing one of the Alps of Switzerland and the Tyrol. Without entering into the particulars of natural history, which might detract from the expression of the general features, it is, perhaps, not quite impossible to give a brief account of this difference. An awful extent of desert—the perfect nakedness of the immense rocky precipices—a gigantic scale which cannot for a moment be lost sight of—the scanty vegetation of the gorge-like valleys—the ceaseless ruin and rolling down of the rocky mountain walls which extend in endless uniformity and bareness, and a universal savageness that makes one shudder.—such are the principal characteristics of the Andes. In the outline of the Alps there reigns an extraordinary variety—one peak rises above another; near the form of the rounded dome springs up that of the pointed pyramid, or of the zigzag and grotesquely notched ridge. Not so in the Andes, which, fat and near, appear like an undivided wall with few and widely separated culminating points. Every single group of them presents an immeasurable and uniform mass which fills the mind with the idea of adamantine fixedness and solidity. But the very circumstance that nature here disdains to heighten the expression of the great by contrast, is the cause why the Andes make a much profounder impression on the mind than the Alps: yet, this impression being derived from single element—vastness, the fancy finds it difficult to retain, for a length of time, a faithful image of such scenes.

The view from the Cumbre is not such as one might expect from the elevation of the ground (11,000 feet above the sea). The slope of the ridge is gradual on both sides, particularly the eastern; and inferior ridges intercept, in a great degree, the view of the distant plains, which, where partially discovered, seem to fade away in the horizon. The line, apparently strictly horizontal, which marks the limit of the everlasting snows on the surrounding summits of the Cordillera, adds to the stern, rigid effect of those perpendicular rocky buttresses which charac-

terize the Andes. Many of the glens in these mountains are at least 5,000 feet deep, while the walls of rock which enclose them, scarcely deviate from the perpendicular line. These frowning precipices condemn the ground beneath them to everlasting sterility. The Chilian Andes, north of lat. 36° N., though nowhere less than eighty miles across, hardly offer a single spot of which human industry can take advantage. The banks of fertile soil accumulated in some of the valleys, stand on a precarious tenure, and are liable to be shifted or carried away by the floods of winter. But, in general, the deep glenes of the Cordillera, strewed over with enormous heaps of stones, are destitute of all vegetation whatever, save here and there species of *valeriana*, which, rising from among the stones, begins the slow process of forming a vegetable mould, and supplies the traveller in these lonely wildernes with a tolerable fuel. On the road over the Cumbre, by which the intercourse between Chili and Buenos Ayres is chiefly maintained, small stone houses, called *Casuchas*, were erected by the Spanish government for the shelter of travellers overtaken by snow-storms. These little buildings, ruined in the wars of the revolution, still remain in a dilapidated state. In like manner, the only three stone bridges of which Chili could boast, were destroyed in those wars, and are not likely to be speedily rebuilt. Our author, who crossed the river of Aconcagua, on his return from the Cumbre to the coast, near the ruins of one of these bridges, gives the following curious account of the operation:—

The mode of crossing the river, which is far from inconsiderable, is of a very peculiar kind, whenever the height of the flood renders the ordinary method of fording impracticable. On both banks of the river, are men whose occupation it is to conduct travellers through the bounding torrent, which, in some places, breaks violently over concealed rocks. These men are called *Vaqueanos*; they are peasants, take pride and pleasure in their dangerous occupation, and are, in general, remarkable for their great bodily strength, and for their large and well-trained horses. The preparations are soon made: as soon as the party plunge into the stream, the guides press themselves close to the travellers on both sides, and fasten him between them in such a way that, even if he were to lose his balance, he cannot easily fall from the saddle. These men govern the horses with such unerring skill, that they remain constantly pressed together. Wherever the depth is so great that the horses must swim, the guides seize the reins of the middle horse, and bid the traveller shut his eyes, lest his head grow dizzy. The water rushes by with astounding rapidity and deafening noise, and, in our case, was cold enough to make all three complain of the bath, since even the horse that swims best plunges so deep into the stream as to wet the rider to the hips. It is not until after being freed from the tight grasp of the two guides, that one perceives that they hold the lasso always ready, in order to save the traveller, if, in spite of their precautions, he should be snatched away by the waves. On the coasts of Peru, between Lambayeque and Truxillo, are many broad mouths of rivers, or rather, arms of the sea, which can be crossed in this way alone, since, though generally too shallow to admit of boats, they have many deep places through which it is necessary to swim. There the *Chimbador*, who takes the office of the Chilian *Vaqueano*, makes the traveller mount behind him, while he manages the horse. It is said that these men (the Chimbadors) who are almost always men

of colour, and who ride into the water in a state of perfect nakedness, always carry with them a long knife for the purpose of stabbing the passenger, should the latter fall off, and, grasping his guide in the agony of despair, threaten to involve both in a common destruction.

Shortly after his visit to Aconcagua, Dr. Poeppig set out on a journey across the Cordillera to Mendoza, and bivouacked in a wild ravine near a bounding torrent, which rushed from beneath the perpetual snows that clad the surrounding heights. Early next morning he proceeded, without the assistance of *Vaqueano* or *Chimbador*, to cross the torrent, which was not above twenty paces wide. His Chilian servant got over safely, but he himself was carried away by the force of the current, and escaped destruction only by springing on a rock in the middle of the stream, whence he was dragged ashore by means of the lasso, benumbed, bruised, and covered with blood. In the meantime he saw two of his laden mules whirled off with the speed of lightning by the angry torrent, and shooting down the ravine, disappear over a cataract. With those poor animals he lost his instruments, books, and other equipments of a scientific traveller, so that he was compelled to change his plans, and returning to Valparaiso, in order to repair his loss as far as possible, to direct his course to Southern Chili, whither we shall, in due time, follow him.

But before we leave Northern Chili, we must cast a glance at certain gifts of nature possessed by that country, which, we dare say, are, in the opinion of many, more than sufficient to compensate its cheerless and sunburnt aspect; we allude to its mines of gold, silver, and copper. Our author speaks unfavourably—indeed, we think rather ill-humouredly—of mining speculations in Chili. It may be true that the gold washed down by the rivers is not worth seeking, and that it is difficult, under the actual circumstances of the country, while the price of labour is high, fuel scarce, and there exists no facilities of carriage by roads or navigable rivers, to obtain a profit from the mines of copper or silver; but while Dr. Poeppig anticipates a rapid progress of the Chilian people in every other respect, why should he hesitate to admit that they possess in their mines a fund of wealth which will grow continually more productive as the skill and capital employed on them increases? Besides, there are mines, we should rather say beds, of silver in Chili, the future value of which need not be calculated in this phlegmatic manner. In May 1832 a poor peasant, while tending his goats on the dry plains about twenty leagues south of Copiapo, tore up a bush, and at its root found a mass of pure silver. A similar accident first discovered the mines of Copiapo, and, indeed, the treasures of Potosi. The goatherd's secret soon got wind; within the first four days were discovered sixteen veins of silver ore; in eight days twenty-five veins, and forty in three weeks, not including the small ramifications. The ore was everywhere rich; near the surface the metal was nearly pure, (some specimens gave 93 per cent. of pure silver), and disseminated in masses of many pounds weight. These mines, which promised to become the Potosi of Chili, extend over a surface of 100 square leagues, and are a treasure for future ages, for at present the

Chilians can only scratch the surface of them. But we must not permit these forebodings of boundless wealth to carry us beyond our just limits, so we close Dr. Poeppig's agreeable volume for the present, with the intention of again returning to it.

*The Works of William Cowper, with a Life of the Author.* By Robert Southey, L.L.D. Vol. I. Baldwin & Cradock.

THERE have been few men to the contemplation of whose lives and characters the world of readers has turned with such universal interest and respect as to Cowper. In our literature he occupies a fortunate and striking position, as among the foremost of those who broke through the formal and chilling ordinances of classicism, which had so long restrained the expression of imagination, and even of the common affections of the heart, in our poetry. The scholar loves his memory as a vigorous and correct translator—the religious student delights in speculating upon the workings of his mournful, darkened, but always pious, spirit,—while the less exclusive reader finds in his easy and graceful Letters a delightful fireside book—even though, like ourselves, he may not agree with his biographer in styling him the best of our letter-writers; and in his Poems a health and a nature for which he may in vain search among the writings of the more feverish and impassioned school; while the one or two incidents which make up his personal history, have a sadness and a singularity, the charm of which, we suspect, will be slow to pass away.

Much of novelty in the biography of the poet was hardly to be expected; and, accordingly, we have not been disappointed at finding little in the volume before us with which we were not previously acquainted. But there is no one among our living writers who unites research, taste, and sincerity (the three grand requisites of the biographer), so delightfully as Dr. Southey; and it is almost superfluous to say, that his work is as readable for its anecdotes and contemporary sketches, as for its clear, manly, and elegant style. To use his own phrase, he has wrought in mosaic. He has dwelt, in his own happy manner (and we think wisely), upon Cowper's early London associates—Colman, Thornton, Lloyd, and Churchill; thereby giving a life to the earlier portion of the poet's career, which, under the hands of sectarian biographers, has been hurried over as a period it would be painful and indiscreet to examine closely; thereby also making good his defence of Cowper against the violent expressions of self-condemnation, which appear in his own writings, and which were as morbid as the dark scenes in his chamber at the Temple, or the subsequent aberrations of his fearful and excitable spirit. A little new light, too, is thrown on the difference between Mrs. Unwin and Lady Austin, with whose settlement at Olney this first volume is brought to a close. The latter lady, it seems, was somewhat extravagant in her notions of friendship, and, on Cowper's mildly and firmly pointing this out, resented his sincerity with a temporary cessation of intercourse. We may just mention another point in Cowper's history, which we have never seen clearly stated before—namely, that, after his retirement to Huntingdon, his income was generously supplied to him by a contribution among his relatives.

As regards elegance of form and beauty of illustration, we can have no hesitation in placing this edition of Cowper's works above any which have hitherto appeared. The portrait of the poet's mother is perfect: there is a purity and a tenderness of expression in the countenance, which give an increased interest and reality to those (his most beautiful) lines addressed to her picture. The vignette—Cowper's birthplace, the rectory at Berkhamstead—is a beautiful thing by Harvey, engraved by Goodall.

*Conti the Discarded; with other Tales and Fancies.* By Henry F. Chorley. 3 vols. Saunders & Otley.

We have been greatly pleased with these volumes, and we say so at once, because we were somewhat chary of kind and encouraging words on a former occasion to this same writer. We need hardly add, even for Mr. Chorley's information, that, if it were our humour to be critical, we could discourse gravely on many weak points in the work; but we have been pleased with it, not merely for its own merit, but because it shows manifest progression: the writer has advanced with a bold manly stride—he evidently sees his way more clearly, writes more directly to his purpose; indeed, there are scenes in 'Conti' (we would instance the interview between the father and son,) of sustained interest and power that, to us, are an earnest of better things to come.

The work contains two tales, and about a hundred pages of what are called Fancies of Music. We like them all, varying in degree of course, but still liking all.

'Conti' is a tale of passionate excitement throughout. There are, here and there, quiet scenes, that come with healing on their wings to the impatient spirit, but they are incidental, rather than essential to the development of the story. It was one of these which first fixed our attention; for novel-reading is to us rather a laborious duty than a labour of love, and it is not often that we surrender ourselves to the fascination of the charmer, "charm he never so wisely." Here it is—we know not how it will read in this fragmentary state; but we will trust it to speak for itself. The young Conti had just arrived at Nuremberg, and was sitting silent and sad in the public room at the Golden Kette:—

"When—behold!—us if to answer him, and cheer him from his dismal mood, a strain of music came merrily up the streets,—from four fresh boyish voices singing in parts. He felt that their song was one of hope and comfort, though he did not comprehend its language. He was not wrong—the words ran thus:—

*The Brothers' Evening Song.*  
Gather round us, brave and young—  
Lo! the last red sunbeam shines—  
Leave your toils, the day declines,  
Work by night is wrong.  
Nay,—we'll none of wrinkling brows,  
Angry tongue, or envious glance,—  
We are bound for glad carouse,  
Clean bright heart, and sprightly dance:  
Quick for these your labours leave—  
O the merry golden eve!  
Maidens!—household tasks are now  
Finished by all thrifty hands—  
Come, ye white-armed angel-bands,  
Making heaven below:  
Frank, and kind, and free from wiles,  
Mirthful all, of nought afraid,  
Gather round us—let your smiles  
Brighten as the day-beams fade.  
Dark or fair,—or short or tall—  
Darlings! we have hearts for all!

"There come the Silbermanns!" cried a clear female voice, as a lattice above stairs was hastily tossed open. "Wilt thou not come to the window and listen, Gretchen?"

"The answer from the interior of the room was not heard by the boy, who was intent upon the music as it came nearer and not slowly.

Student, in thy garret home,  
Raise thy pale and aching brow:  
Study livelier lessons now  
Than that rusty tome.  
Grave divine,—whose holy zeal  
Scorns not harmless mirth to share,  
Learned physician,—skilled to heal  
Scratches caught in Cupid's snare,  
Chorus all our gladsome lay,  
O the merry close of day!

"Presently the singers passed: four boys, each of them a few years older than Giulio, but, what was strange, all apparently nearly of the same age. They were all dressed alike in garments of homely manufacture: wore low-crowned caps of dark cloth upon their heads, and their shirt collars thrown open. Each had a roll of music under his arm, and a short stick or truncheon in his hand. This similarity of costume was heightened by a resemblance, not of feature, but of expression; such as those acquire who live much together in concord, and are interested in similar pursuits. They went gaily on their way, casting many a lively word and glance after the free-spoken innocent girls whom they encountered, being apparently on good terms with half the town. Such a picture of brotherly love and happiness made Giulio's heart yearn towards them, and he watched them wistfully as they disappeared round a sharp corner of the street, and listened greedily till the last chord of their voices had died into utter silence."

This scene introduces the boy pleasantly to the house of the fine-hearted old enthusiast musician, where he was henceforth to spend many pleasant years. We are afraid our next extract will be too brief to bring the reader acquainted with the gentle inmates, to whom we are, in the work itself, introduced as to a party of friends, and we shake hands with old Silbermann, as if we had been one of his former pupils:—

"It was some days after he had been appointed to his closet-chamber in Master Silbermann's clean and intricate old house, some days after he had ceased to hear anything around him but strange tongues, or to see any but strange faces, before Giulio could think of his present residence as his home,—could really bring his mind to take in the fact that Father Vanuzzi had alone set forth for Italy, leaving him to follow the bent of his natural tastes and inclinations undisturbed. But Master Silbermann's was not a mansion wherein day-dreams had room to flourish. The old man was strict as well as kind-hearted, inflexible in enforcing rules of discipline as well as indulgent; and it was well for Giulio that the routine of habits to which he was immediately introduced, when once received as a child of the house, was so completely considered a matter of course by all its inhabitants, that not one of them seemed for an instant to advert to the stranger's having heretofore led a very different life to his present one,—to think that it might be advisable to break so wild a colt into harness by degrees. The rigorous early rising, the appointed hours spent by the boys in the practice of their different instruments (Giulio's was to be the organ, and Carl was to initiate him into his preliminary mysteries), came so naturally to all around him, that he found it impossible to express his feeling that the yoke of regularity now laid upon him, was at times wofully irksome to one who had been used to ramble about in a shrubbery for a day together, whenever he pleased,—and to look into some clear brook by the hour, instead of looking into a dictionary. The exercise of this involuntary

self-command strengthened his mind, though it never shook off the shade of pensiveness with which nature and circumstances had coloured it. In body he remained weak, compared with his robust new companions, who regarded him as a sort of plaything, and would knock him about in their noisiest moments—and these were so riotous as he had never before dreamed of—with a certain carefulness, as if he were some delicate thing they were afraid of injuring. He was a favourite with all of them, but he loved his own master best,—nor were any of them jealous of the preference he showed for Carl.

"This was indeed a noble fellow, one of whom a prince might have been made, without bringing any discredit upon the royal purple. There was in his composition that fascinating mixture of bravery and gentleness, which in the days of chivalry would have made him some beauty's champion even in the period of his page-ship; of all the four brothers (so they call themselves) he was the lowest born,—the child of a vagrant woman, who had crawled into Nuremberg in the last stage of starvation, and died upon the steps of Silbermann's door, after the bitter frost of a Christmas night. The benevolent and eccentric musician (the world sometimes confounds the two epithets) had taken him in as immediately as if the matter had admitted of no question,—troubled himself with no inquiries as to his relationship, but brought him up on his own knee; and in the secret of his heart loved him the best of all his pupils, because Carl was all his own, whereas with each of the others he had received some fee. And never did good Samaritan reap a richer reward for his charity, than did this happy man receive in the love and talent displayed by this foundling—love which years made him not ashamed to own;—talent enough to have stocked twenty dull brains, and yet leave a sufficiency for its owner. 'The rogue could learn anything,' was Silbermann's boast,—and this without any pretence of superiority; or (what was still more provoking to the stupid) without any apparent labour. He was as bold as a lion, and as playful as a kitten; before he was fifteen he had turned the heads of half the pretty women in Nuremberg; the best organist, (besides bearing an honourable part in the family quartett,) and the best singer in all the town. He led the band into frequent freaks, and always managed to secure them a sufficient pardon; as industrious as an ant, if not so careful, for he threw about him whatever little money he possessed, without scruple or heed. He might be called thoughtless, and yet he was never found wanting when called upon—could beat Ernest in wisdom, and Fritz in fun, and Leonhard in love-making, and outdo Giulio in enthusiasm; and it is not wonderful that the Italian, though their natures were as different as the circumstances of their birth and abandonment, took to him amazingly. It was a tie for life."

We regret, that our readers cannot now accompany us to hear a young musical prodigy, who, though she first figures in a little obscure lodging in this old German city, is afterwards to play a distinguished part, both in the novel and the world. We must, however, skip over some few years, and behold Giulio and Celestina are about to make their *début* together, at the San Carlos. Celestina is a well-drawn character—it is not, perhaps, original, but it is well developed—the blossom and the fruit are from the same tree: she is precisely what circumstances must have made her; but those circumstances we shall leave our readers to discover for themselves:—

"Very proper and polite doings these!" exclaimed La Celestina; "and this is what you call making love to me all day long! Nay, then,

I am sure that no *prima donna* in Naples was ever so well provided with wooers as I am, for I have not seen the shadow of a male creature for the last six hours! I will not suffer such neglect, I declare I will not! I always knew that Carlo was a flirt, but that you, Giulio—my countryman too—should go and do the same! O I never thought you would serve me so!"

"With this volley of mock reproach did La Celestina greet the two brothers, upon their entering the little chamber almost at the same moment, some hours later than the interview just described.

"'Here have I been,' continued the beauty, in reality pouting a little at finding herself so soon deserted; 'here have I been sitting, looking at these grapes and bread and wine, all alone, till I am half dead of weariness and want of my supper. Let me tell you, Signori, that if you break bounds in this shameless way, I shall tether you both to me with a long blue riband, and put a bell about your necks; come— you shall give an account of yourselves; pray, Signor Carlo, where have you been?'

"'I?—Giulio, where hast thou been?'

"'I? . . . . .'

"Celestina burst out into one of her most reckless and musical laughs—'Fie! that between you both, you cannot frame one paltry excuse!' I see clearly that in self defence I shall have to look out for a nice tame *Cavaliere* of my own without loss of time; confess now—I am sure that you have both of you been a wooing: come, you shall tell me all about it."

"'No, I'll swear that I have not, Celestina,' cried Carl; 'I never was in love with anybody but you!'

"'Stelle! and an oath too to back such a brave bold lie!—how dare you, Sir?—and you, Signor Giulio?'

"'No, indeed,' replied Giulio—but the words stuck in his throat. 'Of the two, Signor Conti professes the least,' said the lively lady, 'and I will therefore believe him—and you, Signor Carlo, are in disgrace for the evening, and shall wait upon us by way of punishment. To begin your duty, open that window at once, I would taste the evening air—and besides, how am I to hear the serenade you have bespoke to welcome our new *prima donna* to Naples, if you keep it shut?'

"Carl obeyed, and drew the light supper-table, which bore the mark of having been decked by graceful hands, to the window. All three sat down.

"'Why, as to the serenade,' said Carl, 'you must moderate your expectations for a while, most charming Signora Celestina! at least till you have insured your engagement: nevertheless, if you are peremptory, I will sing, and Giulio shall play for you all the night long.'

"'Nay, truly,' was her saucy answer, 'I remember your melting voice of old, something like the complaint of a sick bassoon. Heigho! it will not do either to look back or forward! If I am then to be reduced to such paltry entertainment, (for neither was Giulio's violin-playing positively seraphic,) I had even rather hear myself; and she snatched up a lute as she spoke, and, half veiled by the curtain and the tracery of vine-boughs which framed the window, she never probably looked more arch or bewitching than at that moment, when, with a careless smile dancing in her eyes, she sent forth her rich voice in a quaint Spanish melody, to the following maidenly words:—

*The Lone Beauty's Lettrilla.*  
O, what shall bring me lovers  
To sue on bended knee?  
A steed from yonder mountains,  
A ship across the sea?  
My girlhood's early roses  
Will very soon be gone;  
O, what shall bring me lovers?  
I sit and mope alone!

From every neighbouring lattice  
Come tinklings of guitars,  
Where lovers woo their ladies  
Beneath the tender stars.  
Alas! before my window  
I only hear mine own!  
O, what shall send me lovers?  
I sit and mope alone!  
It is not lack of beauty,  
My mirror tells me so!  
It is not I am haughty,  
I'm far too kind, I know.  
But few will seek the maiden  
Whose father gold hath none;  
O, what shall bring me lovers?  
I sit and mope alone!

"'Brava, brava!' cried half a hundred voices from the street below; "O che bella canzonetta! Brava, signora! cantate ancora!"

"This is more than I bargained for," cried Celestina, laughing, as she retreated from the window. "Look out, Carl, and tell me what it means."

"Why," replied he, eagerly leaning out, "it means . . . . but make haste, Giulio, and only look—Celestina, in yonder corner you can see without being seen—was there ever such a mob, the *prima donna's* first audience?" "Brava, signora! cantate ancora!" There again!—pity that poor old Bozzo cannot hear it, though she would assuredly like some of them to break our windows if she did; and I don't know yet, whether these dear musical Neapolitans won't, after all, pay us such a rough compliment, if you will not oblige them with another strain of that superb voice of yours. *Hummel!* I never heard anything like it!"

Celestina seized a large fan, and professing the most royal indifference looked out, *just to oblige Carl*, skilfully hiding her face. Her first Neapolitan audience was a strange one; probably a more ragged and more enthusiastic set were never collected. Beggars and idlers of all classes had been drawn together by common sympathy; a Priest on his way to visit a sick widow, and one too who had monies to bequeath, and was punctilious about time being kept, had stopped to hear; a Polichinello had pitched his wandering theatre in the midst of the crowd, but was grimacing and chattering unmasked—as, with their bronzed faces absolutely teeming with delight, old and young looked rapturously up to the window, reiterating their eager "Brava, bravissima! cantate ancora!" A flower-girl took her choicest nosegay, a large sheaf of gorgeous colours and exquisite scents, and tossed it upwards with the full force of her brawny arm; Carl caught it on the window-sill. "What will you do, Celestina?" said he—"if you provoke them, they will raise a riot directly."

"Do," replied she, not able to conceal her pleasure, "do you take me for a *cantante di piazza*? Do!—you shall see in a moment; and as she spoke, she opened the window wide, bowed to the multitude with such an air of bewitching and deferential modesty, as would not have disgraced the royal presence, laid her tiny hand on her throat with a significant and appealing gesture, and withdrew, followed by louder plaudits than ever.

"Was there ever such a dear creature?" cried Carl, as the crowd withdrew, slowly and reluctantly, shouting a few more *vivas*. "What is to become of us, Ju? she will have the world at her feet, before she have half got through her *entrata*. Didst thou see that strange nobleman, I am sure he was—who stopped his horse to hear what was going on? I am sure he pointed out the house to his courier or servant who was but a few steps behind him. Let him come here though—and he shall see—"

"Now, Signor Conti, cannot you indulge the gracious public," cried La Celestina, who had thrown herself into an easy chair. "Ah! this is to be in Italy, among a people who can be moved by music; We shall have a wonderful success—*Sento il mio coraggio . . . .* she was

beginning again in the true bravura style; and then suddenly stopping herself, she broke out into another of those charming peals of laughter, more joyous than words can describe."

We have not ventured on any of the more passionate scenes; they would, indeed, bring us too near to the conclusion of the story, and we could not then allow Mr. Chorley to escape, for the very slovenly manner in which he has gathered up, or rather crushed together, incidents which ought to have been carefully unravelled. This is a fault of haste or inexperience; he raises a giant power, and is then perplexed to know what to do with his giant. The whole scene in the convent at Naples is after this fashion; indeed, there are both characters and incidents in the tale which turn out at the conclusion to be just so many incidents and characters to let.

We must now draw to a conclusion. The second tale, 'Margaret Sterne,' is more sober and quiet, and, perhaps, better sustained throughout; but we dare not venture either on description or extract. Before we conclude, and just to give the reader a taste of the quality of the Fancies, we shall steal a passage from one of them, and a song which we expect to hear, as well as read, if there be any taste among our musicians:-

"May not all national music be defined as the first work of civilization upon natural sounds? If this be once admitted, my theory of the soul and significance of music stands upon a distinct basis; and if the proposition be examined closely, it will, I think, be found worthy of partial, if not of entire, adoption. The first of any race who have been endowed with finer ears than their kindred, have caught up the sounds of daily life—the wind among rocks and trees—mountain echoes—the more domestic tones of the laughter or cries of children—the turning of wheels—the treading of feet. Some one or other of these has hit their fancy harder than the rest; it has recurred to them again and again, and been caught up by others, till, in the progress of time, as civilization has brought with it its first consequence, a perception of the beauty of order, the recurrence of certain strains and intervals has been found grateful to the ear, and a mould and form given to erratic and tuneless melodies, which hands more skilful have perfected on a future day.

"Thus it is that I have imagined myself able to trace so clearly-marked a distinction between the national music of the North, the South, and the East. The West possesses none;—and for why? Is it not because her nations have not undergone those slow processes by which the children of the other three quarters of the globe have either added to themselves the arts and ornaments of life, or imitated them from the example of their conquerors? I have fancied that the influence of the rugged scenery and capricious climate of the North, is heard in its bold and fitful melodies; the South has a more regular and voluptuous flow in her song, though it be less exciting and characteristic; and may not the flutes and lyres of old Rome have left a faint echo in the Calabrian airs and gondolier lays of modern Italy,—in all of which there is, to me, a haunting tone of melancholy, which speaks dimly of the glories of the past?"

*Echo Song.*

Who calleth where the rock  
The river's baste is staying?  
The shepherd's pipe to mock  
Who, with his placid flock,  
Strolls on, old tunes a-playing.  
'Tis Echo!—  
O merry maiden!  
O thou shy maiden!  
Sing on—ever—for ever!  
Who in the greed-wood dwells,  
Far down its leafy alleys,

And, in faint chime of bells,  
The hour of sunset tells,  
To the fast glooming valleys?  
'Tis Echo!—  
O lonely maiden!  
O thou sad maiden;  
Sing on—ever—for ever!

But, strange and wandering sprite!  
Shall never poet see thee?  
Shall never stainless knight  
With broad-sword keen and bright,  
From thine enchanter free thee?  
No, Echo!—  
Thou airy maiden!  
Thou charmed maiden!  
Viewless—ever—for ever!

*Observations on Lord Brougham's Natural Theology*, by T. Wallace, Esq. L.L.D. Ridgway & Sons.

*Metaphysic Rambles*, by Warner Christian Search. Dublin: Milliken; London, Fellowes.

METAPHYSICAL controversies are ever inconclusive and unsatisfactory; but the obsolete question discussed in these two publications, is pre-eminently profitless and uncertain. Lord Brougham has thought fit to assert the immateriality of the soul in very strong terms; Dr. Wallace, who is, like the noble lord, an eminent lawyer, "donatus jam rude," and retired from the clamour of the bar, and the turmoil of politics, assails this position with the dexterity of a practised reasoner, and the acuteness of an able logician. Warner Christian Search, a quaint humourist of old Burton's school, with much learning, and some wit, joins in the attack; both asserting, that neither his lordship nor any other human being can determine the *essence* of the human mind.

*Pestalozzi's Letters and last Misfortunes*—  
[Heinrich Pestalozzi's bis dahin unedirte Briefe, &c.] Bern: Jenni; London, Black.

This little book has disappointed us, inasmuch as the unpublished letters, instead of giving us the thoughts and feelings of the amiable enthusiast, Pestalozzi, upon various subjects, especially upon education, relate, with the exception of a few written during the commencement of the French revolution, to the last unsuccessful attempt to restore his broken fortunes, and painfully display the subjugation of a superior intellect to the artifices of a designing favourite. We feel tempted, nevertheless, to notice the publication, on account of the amiable light in which it shows Pestalozzi's rival, Fellenberg, whose sound head appears to be an excellent succedaneum for a tender heart, if, as has been alleged, he be indeed deficient in the latter.

A sketch of the life of Pestalozzi was given long since in this Journal (see No. 190). It will, therefore, be sufficient if we here remind the reader, that when a very young man he expended his small patrimony in purchasing a farm—that, struck by the morally forlorn condition of the poor, he presently took beggar boys into his house to educate, intending to teach them to earn their bread, and, hoping to lessen an expense he could ill afford, by employing them upon his farm, and in a chintz manufactory belonging to his wife's father. But Pestalozzi was essentially incapable of attending to pecuniary matters and to all detail, without which neither farm nor manufactory can thrive. He made useful citizens of 100 beggars, and reduced himself to beggary. It was during the latter part

of this first philo-pedagogic enterprise, that he wrote the clever and more interesting letters now before us. They are all addressed to Fellenberg.

Neuenhof, 15 Sept. 1792.

Dear and noble friend!—Again I thank you for the many proofs of friendship that you have given me in these parts, and infinitely do I rejoice in the fortnight of November that I am to spend in your house. By that time, too, the fate of France must be decided; so that, if she be subdued, one may appreciate more impartially than now, the interest of human nature at stake in that realm, and if she remains so long unsubdued, her faults will find mercy even before those who now rage most irrationally. In either case the world will be gainer, and France, if she deserve liberty, will conquer it. But it is with a state as with an individual, who only by the utmost exertions can achieve the independence of his house.

The rights of men and of nations seem trifles to those who are not worthy of them; therefore, for humanity, as a whole, I am easy. Whatever the realm of princes may determine against that realm in which the *highest degree of princely atrocity had degraded humanity so low, that it could not, without atrocities disgraceful to man's nature, raise itself from the bench of the galley slave on to the fairest throne in Europe*, the rights of man, and the blessings of freedom still remain the same, and, one way or another, Europe must acquire the conviction of this truth. I am told that some members of the National Assembly have been persuaded that I might be capable of effectively presenting to the French people, in this storm of their passions, the truths that they ought to meditate; but I doubt its going farther. \* \* \*

Neuenhof, 19 Nov. 1792.

Here, likewise, it is rumoured that I am become national, and am going to Paris, and some neighbouring parsons' wives cross themselves at sight of the democratical heretic. I await tranquilly the play of calumny that must follow such a feminine attack. Meanwhile 'Liedchen und Gertrude,' [a work of his upon the condition of the lower orders.] will be an eternal monument of my having exhausted my energies for the preservation of pure aristocracy; but my labours have found no reward save ingratitude, so much so, that the good Emperor Leopold, almost upon his death-bed, spoke of me as of a good Abbé de St. Pierre. \* \* \*

15 Nov. 1793.

I thank you for a letter, in which your love of goodness carries you too far. I am a feeble old man [of 38!], my knowledge is very imperfect, my mental powers are proportionally very small; that my will is in many points unincumbered by personal interest, is, perhaps, my only merit, and your philanthropy over-values me for the sake of what little I have done for truth and the happiness of mankind. This claims my thanks, but I know, and must know, what, and how weak I am.

My old age leaves me, however, some strength, and I am content with the progress of my work. [What this political work was, does not appear.] \* \* \* To me the world has become thoroughly indifferent, and truth, as well for the sake of the little immediate circle upon which I can act, as for its own, very dear. Men will never be divided into angels of light and angels of darkness. It still is their fate that light and darkness blend, by imperceptible shading, into each other. Since all vice is merely weakness, vice must ever be the heritage of a race whose weakness equals its talents. We must turn away our eyes from what is, in order to preserve a pure feeling for what should be. And oh! the learned! Every trade blunts the feelings of humanity! I love the idlers of capital, because, whatever be their faults, they have not tradesmen's faults. I cannot tell you how I am

depressed by seeing the learners sunk into workmen, filled with a trading spirit that kills all human sympathies. Their object is to maintain their theses, not to impress truth upon the heart of man. Friend! I thank God for your affection, and also for your kindness to my son Jacques. I know no duty like this; for none have I so urgent a sense as for the parental duty. \* \* I have lived through many years of nameless misery, and I know what I have found men. Nature commands us to care for ourselves and our families, and it was my misfortune that my youth lacked economical education. The evil is irremediable. My son suffers under the same want. Too late did I ripen to clear and decided judgment upon this subject. \* \* God grant that I may in effect accomplish what you hope. When all that I have in hand shall be completed, I go to you. I know that you will be the better satisfied with my work, because, in treating my subject, the separate interests of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy, as thoroughly vanish, as must, in treating the principles of pure Christianity, the individual interest of any single sect. The picture of aristocracy and of monarchy is nothing else than the restriction and diminution of democratical violence against the true interests of the state. Accordingly, I seek all the fundamental defects of the constitution in the errors of democracy. Will not the gentlemen of the upper parliament thank me, at least, for the handsome salver upon which, though in truth not for their sakes, I present my pills? If we would serve future generations, let us cling to the noble spirit of well-born youth. Popular truth must govern, but from the mouths of ministers and princes. From the common people, brutalized by despotism, nothing can be hoped, or at most, horrors that may be wholesome for princes, but must combine the ruin of a nation with that of a sovereign. Let us, then, draw back from all that is happening, and occupy ourselves, amidst horrors in which we take no share, in seeking those fundamental truths which are branded by no stamp of aristocratical or democratical madness. \* \* Amidst all the prejudices of the higher classes, they have, especially in youth, a certain degree of magnanimity; and what truth cannot magnanimity receive? Let us but preserve this youthful magnanimity pure, &c.

We must now leave this smaller, but more generally interesting part of the pamphlet, and proceed to the main topic. Pestalozzi was, about the year 1818, at the head of an establishment at Ifsertet (Yverdun), where the Swiss government had given him the use of a castle, and was planning the foundation of a national school for the poor, with the produce of a subscription for his collected works. He was, however, in his usual difficulties, increased by his having fallen, in his old age, under the dominion of one of his early pupils, of whom we are told—

By a web of artifice and intrigue he made himself necessary to the old man, whom he then degraded in the eyes of the world, utterly ruined, and flung despairing into his grave. Joseph Schmid, a Vorarberger, was, even in boyhood, such an adept in hypocrisy, that he contrived to be daily seen by Pestalozzi on his knees in some retired corner, praying to God for strength to comprehend Pestalozzi. He grew up in the institution; from a pupil became a teacher, then his master's friend, next manager of the institution, and, finally, absolute master of all. The shopkeeper soul, that, from youth upwards, impelled this man to fraudulent gain, was indeed led by Pestalozzi's influence to make education its business, but only in order to deal with the pupils as bales of

goods, and drive a peddling trade with Pestalozzi's heart and mind.

Fellenberg was anxious to promote Pestalozzi's views, and make his latter years useful and happy, by helping him to found his national school for the poor, taking the pecuniary management of both that and the Yverdun school out of his hands, leaving him the superintendence of them in other respects, and confining Schmid's sphere of action to the projected school for the poor. But Schmid, who well knew Fellenberg's dislike of his character, obtained from Pestalozzi a written promise to conclude nothing without his consent, and was thus enabled to foil all Fellenberg's kind endeavours to serve his (Schmid's) benefactor. It is touching to see the patient forbearance with which Fellenberg formed plan after plan, agreed to every alteration, and endured the senile petulance, that Schmid provoked in the enthralled old man, by insinuations of Fellenberg's jealous anxiety to set Pestalozzi aside. An agreement to the above-mentioned purpose was at length drawn up under the sole direction of Pestalozzi, who, a week after its signature, sent Schmid with the following letter to Fellenberg:—

I cannot convince Schmid that I have acted rightly in my agreement with you, and not undermined the repose of my whole future life; and I cannot describe the impression made upon all my friends and connexions by my inconsiderately concluding in such haste a partly secret agreement, that is to bind me for my whole life, and even in my grave. Schmid considers himself as obliged, under these circumstances, to take resolutions, of which the consequences are incalculable. I entreat you to use all possible means to persuade him to co-operate in our object. He must assist, or the basis of all that I sought to effect by my agreement with you rests upon air, and I cannot take a step without cruelly committing you, all that I love best in the world, and especially myself. \* \* \*

Fellenberg endeavoured to reason with Schmid; but the insolence of the latter provoked Fellenberg to turn him out of doors, which produced a letter from poor Pestalozzi, of which we give part:—

Dear Herr Fellenberg!—I also will in every case do my duty, as regards my honour and my cause, so as that I may answer it before God and man; but I must first know what my duty is. I am heartily ashamed that I have no clear recollection of the contents of the instrument I have signed.

Those who love me, and inquire into the matter, look upon me as an idiot; and to this an end must be put. I neither can nor must remain another moment hoodwinked in such circumstances. People laugh at me, and say that it seems Fellenberg thinks it good to have my eyes in his head as well as his own; others say more—much, much more. In short, I must have an authentic copy of the agreement, with the additional article. Your honour, still more than mine, requires that this be done speedily.

And, dear Herr Fellenberg, must I not be ashamed of having acted so sheepishly in this matter, and should you not have hindered me from so doing? The contrary was the case. Hasten to clear me of this stain, then things will come right. \* \*

Farewell, dear Fellenberg, and believe me, if sometimes in fear and trembling, with great esteem, your admiring friend and servant,

P.  
Induced by tenderness for Pestalozzi, and

respect for Fellenberg, we have run into greater length than the pamphlet, from which we have taken the letters and the latter statements, seems worth; and we will now conclude, by stating that a few more letters of the same kind satisfied Fellenberg of the irredeemable infirmity and ruin of his aged, and now decaying friend, whereupon he entirely abandoned the proposed partnership; and that, while his undertakings flourished, Pestalozzi, sinking into a mere puppet of Schmid, who deteriorated his system of education, floundered on, struggling with increasing difficulties, and declining in reputation, until his death.

*The New York Mirror.*

The review in the *Quarterly*, and the subsequent discussions in the newspapers, relating to Mr. Willis's "Pencillings," have induced us to extract from them at such length, as to leave us no room to notice other and hardly less interesting papers to be found in this journal. We particularly regret being obliged to pass over Mr. Fay's very pleasant *Travelling Sketches*. We now conclude with a few scattered passages relating to the manners of society, and one other of "The Pencillings."

"People in Europe are more curious about the comparison of the natural productions of America with those of England, than about our social and political differences. A man who does not care to know whether the president has destroyed the bank, or the bank the president, or whether Mrs. Trollope has flattered the Americans or not, will be very much interested to know if the pine-tree in his park is comparable to the same tree in America, if the same cattle are found there, or the woods stocked with the same game as his own. I would recommend a little study of trees particularly, and of vegetation generally, as valuable knowledge for an American coming abroad. I think there is nothing on which I have been so often questioned. The duchess led the way to a plantation of American trees, at some distance from the castle, and stopping beneath some really noble firs, asked if our forest-trees were often larger, with an air as if she believed they were not. They were shrubs, however, to the gigantic productions of the west. Whatever else we may see abroad, we must return home to find the magnificence of nature. \* \*

"The great spell of high life in this country seems to be *repose*. All violent sensations are avoided, as out of taste. In conversation, nothing is so 'odd' (a word, by the way, that in England means everything disagreeable) as emphasis or startling epithet, or gesture, and in common intercourse nothing so vulgar as any approach to 'a scene.' The high-bred Englishman studies to express himself in the plainest words that will convey his meaning, and is just as simple and calm in describing the death of his friend, and just as technical, so to speak, as in discussing the weather. For all extraordinary admiration the word 'capital' suffices; for all ordinary praise the word 'nice!' for all condemnation in morals, manners, or religion, the word 'odd!' To express yourself out of this simple vocabulary is to raise the eyebrows of the whole company at once, and stamp yourself under-bred, or a foreigner.

"This sounds ridiculous, but it is the exponent not only of good-breeding, but of the true philosophy of social life. The general happiness of a party consists in giving every individual an equal chance, and in wounding no one's self-love. What is called an 'overpowering person' is immediately shunned, for he talks too much,

and excites too much attention. In any other country he would be called 'amusing.' He is considered here as a mere monopolizer of the general interest, and his laurels, talk he never so well, shadow the rest of the company. You meet your most intimate friend in society after a long separation, and he gives you his hand as if you had parted at breakfast. If he had expressed all he felt, it would have been 'a scene,' and the repose of the company would have been disturbed. You invite a clever man to dine with you, and he enriches his descriptions with new epithets and original words. He is offensive. He eclipses the language of your other guests, and is out of keeping with the received and subdued tone to which the most common intellect rises with ease. Society on this footing is delightful to all, and the diffident man or the dull man, or the quiet man, enjoys it as much as another. For violent sensations you must go elsewhere. Your escape-valve is not at your neighbour's ear.

"There is a great advantage in this in another respect. Your tongue never gets you into mischief. The 'un safeness of Americans' in society (I quote a phrase I have heard used a thousand times) arises wholly from the American habit of applying high-wrought language to trifles. I can tell one of my countrymen abroad by his first remark. Ten to one his first sentence contains a superlative that would make an Englishman imagine he had lost his senses. The natural consequence is continual misapprehension, offence is given where none was intended, words that have no meaning are the ground of quarrels, and gentlemen are shy of us."

*Lady Blessington—the Poet Moore—Last days of Sir Walter Scott.*

I called on Moore with a letter of introduction, and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat and long chocolate frock-coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is very gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore without conceiving a strong liking for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him. In the moment's conversation that passed, he inquired very particularly after Washington Irving, expressing for him the warmest friendship, and asked what Cooper was doing.

"I was at Lady Blessington's at eight. Moore had not arrived, but the other persons of the party—a Russian count, who spoke all the languages of Europe as well as his own; a Roman banker, whose dynasty is more powerful than the pope's; a clever English nobleman, and the 'observed of all observers,' Count D'Orsay, stood in the window upon the park, killing, as they might, the melancholy twilight half hour preceding dinner.

"'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase, 'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington, (of whom he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written,) he made his compliments, with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favourite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them, (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six

feet high and upward,) and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

"Dinner was announced, the Russian handed down 'miladi,' and I found myself seated opposite Moore, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is panelled reflecting every motion. To see him only at table, you would think him not a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently he sits tall, and with the peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness disappears.

"The soup vanished in the busy silence that beset it, and as the courses commenced their procession, Lady Blessington led the conversation with the brilliancy and ease for which she is remarkable over all the women of her time. She had received from Sir William Gell, at Naples, the manuscript of a volume upon the last days of Sir Walter Scott. It was a melancholy chronicle of imbecility, and the book was suppressed, but there were two or three circumstances narrated in its pages which were interesting. Soon after his arrival at Naples, Sir Walter went with his physician and one or two friends to the great museum. It happened that on the same day a large collection of students and Italian literati were assembled, in one of the rooms, to discuss some newly-discovered manuscripts. It was soon known that the 'Wizard of the North' was there, and a deputation was sent immediately to request him to honour them by presiding at their session. At this time Scott was a wreck, with a memory that retained nothing for a moment, and limbs almost as helpless as an infant's. He was dragging about among the relics of Pompeii, taking no interest in anything he saw, when their request was made known to him through his physician. 'No, no,' said he, 'I know nothing of their lingo. Tell them I am not well enough to come.' He loitered on, and in about half an hour after, he turned to Dr. H. and said, 'who was that you said wanted to see me?' The doctor explained. 'I'll go,' said he, 'they shall see me if they wish it,' and against the advice of his friends, who feared it would be too much for his strength, he mounted the staircase, and made his appearance at the door. A burst of enthusiastic cheers welcomed him on the threshold, and, forming into two lines, many of them on their knees, they seized his hands as he passed, kissed them, thanked him in their passionate language for the delight with which he had filled the world, and placed him in the chair with the most fervent expressions of gratitude for his condescension. The discussion went on, but not understanding a syllable of the language, Scott was soon wearied, and his friends observing it, pleaded the state of his health as an apology, and he rose to take his leave. These enthusiastic children of the south crowded once more around him, and, with exclamations of affection and even tears, kissed his hands once more, assisted his tottering steps, and sent after him a confused murmur of blessings as the door closed on his retiring form. It is described by the writer as the most affecting scene he had ever witnessed.

"Some other remarks were made upon Scott, but the *parole* was soon yielded to Moore, who gave us an account of his visit he made to Abbotsford when its illustrious owner was in his pride and prime. 'Scott,' he said, 'was the most manly and natural character in the world. You felt when with him, that he was the soul of truth and heartiness. His hospitality was as simple and open as the day, and he lived freely himself, and expected his guests to do so. I remember his giving us whisky at dinner, and Lady Scott met my look of surprise with the assurance

that Sir Walter seldom dined without it. He never ate or drank to excess, but he had no system, his constitution was herculean, and he denied himself nothing. I went once from a dinner-party with Sir Thomas Lawrence to meet Scott at Lockhart's. We had hardly entered the room, when we were set down to a hot supper of roast chickens, salmon, punch, &c. &c., and Sir Walter ate immensely of everything. What a contrast between this and the last time I saw him in London! He had come down to embark for Italy—broken quite down in mind and body. He gave Mrs. Moore a book, and I asked him if he would make it more valuable by writing in it. He thought I meant that he should write some verses, and said, 'Oh I never write poetry now.' I asked him to write only his own name and hers, and he attempted it, but it was quite illegible.'

"Some one remarked that Scott's *Life of Napoleon* was a failure.

"I think little of it," said Moore; "but after all, it was an embarrassing task, and Scott did what a wise man would do—made as much of his subject as was politic and necessary, and no more." \* \* \*

"There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of 'thinking on his legs,' is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man. There is an undivided admiration for this faculty, and a sway permitted to it, which was always more dangerous to a country than anything else. Lord Althorp is a wonderful instance of what a man may do *without* talking. There is a general confidence in him—a universal belief in his honesty, which serves him instead. Peel is a fine speaker, but, admirable as he had been as an oppositionist, he failed when he came to lead the house. \* \* They may say what they will of duelling, it is the great preserver of the decencies of society. The old school, which made a man responsible for his words, was the better. I must confess I think so." \* \* \*

"The great period of Ireland's glory was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand. Grattan's dying advice to his son, was, 'Be always ready with the pistol!' He himself never hesitated a moment. At one time, there was a kind of conspiracy to fight him out of the world. On some famous question, Corrie was employed purposely to bully him, and made a personal attack of the grossest virulence. Grattan was so ill, at the time, as to be supported into the house between two friends. He rose to reply; and first, without alluding to Corrie at all, clearly and entirely overturned every argument he had advanced that bore upon the question. He then paused a moment, and, stretching out his arm, as if he would reach across the house, said, 'For the assertions the gentleman has been pleased to make with regard to myself, my answer here is, they are false! elsewhere it would be—a blow!' They met, and Grattan shot him through the arm. Corrie proposed another shot, but Grattan said 'No! let the eurs fight it out!' and they were friends ever after. I like the old story of the Irishman who was challenged by some desperate blackguard. 'Fight him,' said he. 'I would sooner go to my grave without a fight!' Talking of Grattan, is it not wonderful that, with all the agitation in Ireland, we have had no such men since his time? Look at the Irish newspapers. The whole country in convulsion—people's lives, fortunes, and religion at stake, and not a gleam of talent from one year's end to the other. It is natural for sparks to be struck out in a time of violence like this—but Ireland, for all that is worth living for, is dead! You can scarcely reckon Shiel of the calibre of her spirits of old, and O'Connell, with all his faults, stands 'alone in his glory.'

"The conversation I have thus run together is a mere skeleton, of course. Nothing but a

short-hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but perhaps the word *gentlemanly* describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but, if I may so phrase it, it is *fused* with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass.

"Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike anybody else's in the world, and which probably suggested his *sobriquet* of 'Bacchus,' is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with gray, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gaiety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his penicillings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintery red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the elation his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight, and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip, a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half diffident, as if he were disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates—everything but *feels*. Fascinating beyond all men as he is, Moore looks like a worldling.

"This description may be supposed to have occupied the hour after Lady Blessington retired from the table; for, with her, vanished Moore's excitement, and every body else seemed to feel that light had gone out of the room. Her excessive beauty is less an inspiration than the wondrous talent with which she draws, from every person around her, his peculiar excellence. Talking better than anybody else, and narrating, particularly, with a graphic power that I never saw excelled, this distinguished woman seems striving only to make others unfold themselves; and never had diffidence a more apprehensive and encouraging listener. But this is a subject with which I should never be done.

"We went up to coffee, and Moore brightened again over his *chasse-café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta; and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and, with a great deal of difficulty, he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with my delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have soul or sense in you. I have heard of women fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the

burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it.

"We all sat around the piano, and, after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile and sang 'When first I met thee,' with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart.

Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"

*The Earth, its Physical History and most Remarkable Phenomena.* By W. M. Higgin, F.G.S. Orr & Smith.

This work has the rare merit of performing more than is promised in the title-page; it is, in truth, a guide to some of the most important branches of experimental philosophy, comprising in a brief space all that has yet been discovered respecting the physical constitution of the globe, and the natural phenomena connected with the support of organized life. It is to be lamented, that these studies, the most delightful to the youthful mind, and the most practically useful in mature age, are utterly neglected in our ordinary system of education.

We set children to learn by rote much that they cannot possibly understand, and which their teachers are unwilling, and sometimes unable, to explain. Pupils naturally revolt from such labours, and then we hold up our hands in wonder, and complain of their stupidity and their idleness! It would, indeed, seem as if our great object was to invent impediments, to prevent the young from acquiring knowledge: languages, for example, are taught only through the medium of grammars, though Aschan, Milton, and Locke, long ago demonstrated the absurdity of such a course; arithmetical science is converted into conjuring with figures, though Pestalozzi's system is manifestly more accordant with nature, and has been proved to be at once the easiest and most efficient mode of giving a sound knowledge of numbers; and finally, experimental philosophy is only to be attained by the road of mathematics. The source of error in these branches is the same; it arises from a notion of philosophic perfection, that would be ludicrous if it were not mischievous; precise definitions are, it is true, more exact than familiar descriptions, but they are less intelligible, and while we teach them to children, we never dream of using them to grown persons. Dr. Arnot, in his 'Elements of Physics,' set the example of discarding mathematical formulæ, and he has been recently followed by Professor Moseley, in his admirable treatise on mechanics; Mr. Higgin has adopted the same plan in the volume before us, and has thus rendered the elements of experimental philosophy accessible to a large class; both of the young and old, formerly excluded from these paths of knowledge.

We still want a judicious treatise on the use of the eyes in education. Pestalozzi's works furnish many valuable hints, but his views are not sufficiently developed. The 'Lessons on Objects,' published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,

as far as they have gone, merit very high praise; but we have not yet seen the volume that is to teach *the young* the most important of all lessons, "how to observe."

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*'Sir Arthur Wilmot, a tale of the Seventeenth Century.'*—We should number among our best friends any one who would furnish us with some variety of form and phrase of criticism for such books as, being neither eminently good nor bad, have still to be characterized and commented upon. We could hardly have a more puzzling specimen of this hermaphrodite class than 'Sir Arthur Wilmot,' which, though it does not contain one offensive line, one coarse thought, or one incident overstepping the modesty of (novelist's) nature, leaves no positive impression on the mind of the reader. For the benefit, however, of those who are less hackneyed and less exacting in their requisitions than ourselves, and may, therefore, have some curiosity to know the "whereabouts" of this novel, we must add a few words. The scene is laid in the times of the Puritans and Cavaliers; the story embraces the usual incidents of a house divided against itself, by father and son espousing different causes; a young lady, Louisa Wilmot, who is ordered to marry the villain of the tale, and escapes from home to avoid the match, with a plotting priest and a savagely fanatical Round-head; and a peep at King Charles the First and his court, by way of blending history with romance.

*'The Life of Mungo Park.'*—A brief memoir of our earliest, most enterprising, and most efficient discoverer in western Africa. The first cannon-ball which shakes the fort, is that which takes it, and so Park, though he failed in completing his object, began its completion by others. This little volume, with all due admiration for a man, whose private worth was only the counterpart of his public, nevertheless impartially lays open the sources of his evil as well as of his good fortune, which (no uncommon case!) mainly flowed from himself. Park was destroyed by his own rashness, and the delays of government, by attempting to ford Africa in the rainy season, which disastrous time our Admiralty, by their delay, seemed as if predetermined to "nick." Verily, not school-boys alone, but ministers of state, might take a lesson from this little handbook!

*'Letters from Brussels,' by Mrs. Arthur Thorold.'*—The following is the concluding sentence of this work: "Reader! be gentle in your criticism: this is the offering of a dutiful child to a widowed mother. If these pages have afforded you amusement; by the love of your parents, if living, by the sacredness of their memory, if departed, let this appeal meet a corresponding sentiment in your head; give your assistance in forwarding the sale of the work." The meaning of this very earnest appeal we do not understand, but we consider that so far as critics by profession are concerned, it removes the work out of their jurisdiction. We shall therefore content ourselves with announcing the publication, and giving one short extract translated from Aime Martin's work 'Le Langage des Fleurs,'—*'The White Jessamine.'*—We are told, that before its arrival in France, the jessamine sojourned in Italy; a Duke of Tuscany was its first possessor: tormented by envy, this Duke wished to enjoy alone so charming a possession, and forbade his gardener to give away a single stalk, a single flower. The gardener would have been faithful had he never known love; but he prepared a bouquet for the birth-day of his mistress, and to make it still more precious, added a branch of jessamine. The young girl, to preserve the freshness of this foreign flower, put it in the ground; the branch remained green all

the year, and the following spring was covered with flowers; she profited by the instructions of her lover, and cultivated her jessamine, which multiplied itself under her tender care. She was poor, her lover was not rich, a prudent mother refused to unite their poverty; but love had worked a miracle for them, and the girl profited by it; she sold her jessamines, and sold them so well that she amassed a little treasure, with which she enriched her lover. The girls of Tuscany, to preserve the remembrance of this adventure, always wear a bouquet of jessamine on their marriage day; and they have a saying, that a girl, worthy to wear this bouquet, is rich enough to make the fortune of her husband."

*"Twenty Years in Retirement," by the Author of "Twelve Years' Military Adventure."*—These are two dull, ponderous volumes, containing sketches of life and character, all *fade*, some childish, and one or two coarse. We have no wish to be severe upon the writer, but he has, in more than one chapter, himself put on the gown and taken up the ferula; and we have therefore less compunction in telling him that his garment is but of motley, and his rod a "broken reed." We were disappointed, after a close and weary search, in not finding even a few anecdotes, with which we might amuse our readers.

*"Jamaica as it was, as it is, and as it may be," &c. by a retired Military Officer.*—This book has made its appearance too late in the day to be productive of much mischief. It is profess-  
edly a history of the negro insurrection in 1831—it is really a collection of hideous anecdotes, written in a spirit as unwarrantably extreme on the one hand, as the *"Picture of Slavery,"* to which we heretofore adverted, was on the other. The author throws fire-brands about, but not in sport; fortunately, his arm is not a very strong one.

*"Perils in the Woods, or the Emigrant Family's Return: a Tale."*—This is one of the thousand children of Robinson Crusoe; by its appearance bearing testimony to the eagerness with which the young continue to welcome narratives of enterprise and discovery. The story before us of the dangers endured, and difficulties overcome, by the family of an English farmer in the backwoods of America, is, we doubt not, true in its separate incidents, but these are crowded too closely together to be natural. Writers, whether for children or grown-up persons, never lose anything by husbanding their wonders; and it is difficult to sustain the interest of a story by any *probable* means, if every page is to contain an escape or an amazement.

*"The Laird of Loggan."*—This is a collection of stories and anecdotes, old and new, good, bad, and indifferent; a work that can hardly claim a place in a literary paper, but does not need its good word; for at this dull season, during the recess of Parliament and the long vacation, it is sure to be welcomed by all the small fry of journalists, and accordingly we have, never of late taken up a second rate periodical, but we were introduced to *"The Laird of Loggan."* On the whole, the collection is not a bad one, though the Laird is apt to be prosy.

*"Little Arthur's History of England."*—A compendious outline of the principal points of our history, one of the many books, the idea of which has been suggested by Sir Walter Scott's *"Tales of a Grandfather."*

*"Prize List of the Edinburgh Academy."*—This collection of the compositions, which obtained prizes at the close of the last session of the Edinburgh Academy, contains some pieces of superior merit. We were particularly pleased with Langhorne's Greek Lambics, and Parker's Latin translation of Canning's celebrated speech at Plymouth.

*"Hob's Excursion, with Digressions," by Mr. W. A. Kenish.*—This is absolutely unreadable.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### TO MY LYRE.

Hast thou upon the idle branches hung,  
O Lyre! this livelong day,  
Nor, as the sweet wind thro' the rose-leaves sung  
Uttered one dulcet lay?

Come down! and by my rival touch be rung  
As tenderly as they!

Did not Alceus with blood-streaming hand  
Range o'er his trembling wire,  
Stealing forth sounds more eloquently bland  
Than Softness could desire,  
As if with myrtle bough sweet Venus fanned  
His rapt Lesboan lyre?

And shall not I, that never will embrue  
This hand except in wine,—  
My battle-field a bed of violets blue  
Where conquered nymphs recline,—  
Shall not I wake the soul of Sweetness too,  
Thou gentle lyre of mine?

G. D.

#### SKETCHES OF THE LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE REV. TIMOTHY FLINT.

(Continued from p. 716.)

AMERICA, it is generally admitted, has produced as many distinguished and original writers in the medical profession—writers who have done as much, in the same period of time, to advance the healing art as those of any other country. But to do justice to this theme, would lead us beyond our contemplated range. We only remark, that America has its schools and sects in medicine as in theology—its humorists and its anti-humorists, its Broussaisites and their opponents, its disciples of calomel and steam, its Brunonian and homeopathites, who hate each other, and write out their hatred in controversy, not unlike the sects in religion. We may name, in passing, the late Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, equally known in the old world as in the new, as one of the most profound and original writers not only on medicine, but on the true philosophy and doctrine of the human mind, that has appeared in any age. We ought also to notice the late Dr. Barton, of the same city; author of—besides many amusing disquisitions—the first systematic American work on botany. But the numerous writers belonging to the medical profession, who have written on general literature, are in our plan, classed with men of letters.

In the same manner, we might fill out a catalogue of names of men, who have distinguished themselves in the legal profession; and when we are able to place at their head such as Parsons, Trowbridge, Dana, Sedgwick, Johnson, Pinckney, Marshall, Story, Harper, Dexter, Webster, Wirt, and others equally well known, it will not be doubted that the most numerous profession in our country, the most liberally compensated, and, by an unhappy prescription of opinion, engrossing all the offices, which of course elicts and sharpens the best talents among us, would furnish ample scope for enlarging upon our intellectual history. But such of them as are distinguished in general literature have, or will receive a passing notice among those who figure simply as men of letters.

In those branches of physics of most essential utility to mankind, America, it may be affirmed with equal pride and truth, for her age, may take place of all countries in the amount of invention and improvement which she has furnished mankind. To establish this assertion, it is not necessary to go farther back than Franklin, who, beside numerous other useful discoveries, taught how to conduct the lightning harmless to the earth. Rittenhouse, an almost intuitive me-

chanician and mathematician, constructed an orrery, which, considering his want of experience and of models, will always be considered an astonishing specimen of astronomical and mechanical science. The admirable Thompson ought always so to be called, instead of bearing the empty title of Count Rumford; for though England and Bavaria adopted him, his heart was American, and his name and discoveries will always be identified with the intellectual frame of the United States. It is as unnecessary to enter into details of his attainments and discoveries, as of Franklin's. Every one knows that he was the philosopher of the poor, and that his philosophical experiments upon the economy of food and fuel, would alone have rendered his memory immortal. Whoever may claim the invention of the mechanical power of steam, the discovery of its noblest and most useful application to propel steam-boats on rivers and seas, unquestionably belongs to our Fulton, one of those pre-eminent minds, that to the most brilliant genius of invention united the proverbial modesty of high endowment, a patience adequate to sustaining itself unmoved amidst the unsparring ridicule of that ignorance so common, which assumes its own dulness and imbecility as the measure of what is possible, and that perseverance, which no discouragements nor difficulties could vanquish. A greater benefactor to the human race cannot be named, and in America the memory of this ill-fated man, who died poor while he enriched mankind, ought to be cherished, so long as a steam-boat ploughs the lakes, the Mississippi and the seas. The discoveries of the amiable and most exemplary Whitney, a name almost unknown abroad, are merged in American thoughts in that of the cotton gin, equally admirable for its perfection and its simplicity, without which the grand staple of American agriculture would not have existed as an article of extensive production. In 1793 we exported no cotton. The gin was invented, and we now raise to the value of fifty millions of dollars. The southern division of the United States can never repay, and will never fully comprehend its obligations to this admirable man. The hundreds of letters patent annually taken out for inventions in mechanics, in labour-saving machinery, in locomotives, in mills, in a word, in everything that promises profit to the patentee, may be considered as a sort of phrenological turning of the American skull inside out. We there see, on what cogitations American thoughts turn, instead of what to them seems foolishness, literature and fine writing. These maggots of invention, germinating in innumerable brains, in the olden time, would have resulted in alchemy. Under the same fostering circumstances, which produced Augustan literature, they would have given birth to epic poems and classical writing.

Among the many Americans who have gained more or less distinction in mathematical science, we may name Mansfield, our first systematic writer upon the subject, Willard, late president of Harvard University, Webber, afterwards president of the same institution, and, pre-eminent among the mathematicians of the age, Bowditch. His translation of Laplace, with comments, and the corrections of his errors, is said to be a work which few mathematicians of any age or country could have produced. Among our writers upon botany, we have only space to glance upon Colden, Catesby, Bartram, and Nuttal. In ornithology we have had our Wilson,† and a more devoted and endowed disciple of that beautiful science, a more faithful interpreter of the habits and language of birds, never existed. In the wild woods and mountains, and along the almost interminable streams

<sup>†</sup>The name and fame of Wilson are for ever associated with America—but he was born, bred, and educated in Britain.—*Ed.*

of the west, clad as a red man, as independent and as poor, his gun his whole stock in trade, his loves the splendid tenants of the woods and waters, a poet whose easy strains flowed like the winds and waters, he caught the strain of the mocking-bird as he dwelt on the variety and beauty of its song. Audubon has produced, in his Ornithology, numerous English authorities themselves being witness, the most splendidly executed book upon that subject, that the age has seen. In chemistry, mineralogy, geology, and agriculture, in practical engineering and architecture, we have commenced giving promise of the attainments of which Americans are capable in these several walks. We have shown at least in each, that our deficiencies are not from want of genius and talents, but of calls, compensation and opportunity. It is said, that no public works are executed with more strength, simplicity, and elegance than ours. In canalling, and making bridges and railways, unexampled as is the boldness with which we have pushed forward in these directions, we have found no want of engineers to indicate the fitting mode of accomplishing the most gigantic, and, apparently, insurmountable of these operations. Whether a fact or not, it is believed to be such, that where the founders of colleges have been fit to send abroad for professors, they have almost uniformly proved comparatively incompetent, and have generally given place to the more practical, unpretending, and tangible science of our own scholars.

But in this mere skeleton sketch we find that we are transcending the limits we proposed, and are wandering from our first and chief purpose, brief views of our existing literature. Yet we should do our plan injustice if, before closing this outline, we did not advert for a moment to the aptitude displayed by great numbers of our gifted sons for the pencil and chisel, and the arts of painting and sculpture, so nearly related to poetry. If we do not patronize painters, at least we give them birth. West was one of our legitimate sons: Stuart, Allston, Leslie, Newton, Harding, Morse, Greenough, and Weir, need only be named to evince our claims to distinction in this walk. Greenough, the brother of the painter of that name, is respectable as a sculptor, and his statue of Cooper would do honour to any age or country. We have had the fortune, even in the fresh world of the West, to meet with untrained artists, who evinced, their circumstances taken into view, astonishing aptitude for painting and sculpture. The late lamented Corwine, remarkable for the beauty and fidelity of his portraits, and Lee for the genius and taste of his western landscapes, are striking examples in point. Powers evinced an almost instinctive acquaintance with sculpture, and some of his busts would have done credit to much more experienced artists. In fact, we consider it beyond question that the Americans, as a people, have a strong aptitude, more marked indeed than any people with whom we are acquainted, for painting and poetry. We have seen, in the rudest log-cabins of the remotest frontier, native-wrought paintings pasted on the logs, not only portraits of the chubby tenants, but fancy pieces of Judith and Holofernes, St. George and the Dragon, the fight of the giant of Grantley, and various other imaginings, celestial and infernal, which, if rather discoloured, fierce, and distorted, and not exactly ornaments for a painting gallery, seen in such places, were, to us, ludicrous proofs of an irrepressible inclination for painting. The same universal aptitude has been repeatedly noticed by travellers, as existing among the common people in Mexico and South America. Be it the result of organization of climate, or both, it is clearly a marked trait in American temperament.

*[To be continued.]*

#### THE WILDGRAVE'S SONG.

*(From Prison.)*

In dark moss valley and mountain fell,  
The land of the hunter, 'twas mine to dwell,  
Where shadowy cliffs and slopes of corn  
Sang echo! ho! ho! to the Wildgrave's horn.

The tramp of my steed has been heard, *kling! kling!*

Where the bold rock eagle might fear to wing;  
My bugle has chimed with the planets seven,  
And beaten a peal on the bells of heaven.

At night, in my hall, by the blazing pine,  
I quaffed deep, deep of the rich musk wine,  
While beautiful lips sang round *trill! troll!*  
And printed sweet places for mine on the bowl.

The Wildgrave's lady is blest as he,  
A silver pommel, and page at her knee;  
O where is the Maiden to win me now,  
And a coronet gay for her queenly brow?

My lute may tremble, my tears may flow,  
The Maiden is bright, but as cold as snow;  
She sleeps in her bower and scorns my hand,  
So farewell, hope of my hunting land!

G.D.

#### ENGLISH SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

*Dale Abbey, Derbyshire.*

THERE is no sentiment more universally to be found in poets and tourists, when contemplating the ruins and sites of monastic buildings, the relics of a great system overthrown, than a desire to unveil the past, and draw from oblivion a knowledge of the former inhabitants of these desecrated abodes; to learn the causes which had driven them to take refuge there, and those sorrows or joys that were buried with them from the cognizance of the abandoned world. It is a natural desire, and doubtless, if it could be gratified, would often unfold tales of intenser interest than are ever coined in the most fertile of imaginative brains; for these religious houses were the grand receptacles for a mighty portion of the disappointed ambition, the defeated hopes, the wounded or wearied-out hearts, for the disgusts, the moral fears, and the mental agonies of the times. But, for my part, I often long to call before me the man in whom the founding of some one of these fine old rifled nests of a most imposing and Sybaritic superstition originated. I would fain learn whence and how came the idea of raising one of these fairy fabrics in some trackless wilderness.

In few of our histories of such establishments have we more than a bare and dry statement of the fact and the assigned motive; that such a priory or chantry was founded by such lord or lady for the peace of their own soul, for the peace of the souls of their ancestors, or perhaps for some act of violence, or hope of some exemption from purgatorial or eternal pains; but of the founding of Dale Abbey, in Derbyshire, we have a narrative composed by its own monk-historian, and followed out with a rare minuteness.

Sir Ralph, the son of the Lord Geremund, hunting one day in his woods near Ockbrook, suddenly found himself intercepted in his course by a morass; and, lifting up his eyes, perceived that he was in a wide and solitary valley, the level of which was overgrown with a wilderness of such plants and shrubs and trees as delight in marshes, and surrounded by forest hills. The place was savage and silent; but over the trees he beheld a blue smoke rising as from some dwelling. He rode hastily thither, to ascertain who had made free to erect a habitation in his woods, and found a strange object in a strange tenement: a rude hut of poles, covered with the boughs of trees and rushes from the marsh; before it burned a fire of sticks, and by it sat a man in mean and ragged garments, with hair

and beard grey and untrimmed, and seemingly in the last stage of destitution and misery.

"Who art thou," inquired Sir Ralph, "that hast dared, without my leave, to take up thy abode in these woods?" "I was called hither," replied the man, in a low, thin voice, "by the Holy Virgin; and I wait to see her will." "By the Holy Virgin!" said Sir Ralph in surprise; "and wherefrom camest thou? and how did the Holy Mother appear to thee?" "I have dwelt for forty years in the town of Derby, following my trade, and the trade of my father before me, and of his father too, the trade of a baker. My mother brought me up in reverential love of the Holy Virgin, and my father, on her day, gave ten pennyworth of bread to the poor; and when my father and mother were dead, and I followed the business alone, I still continued the same dole to the needy. And one night as I lay and slept in my bed, the holy mother of God appeared to me all in her shining crown and raiment of heaven, and bade me arise and go to Depe-Dale, and there dwell, and build an oratory to her honour. I immediately arose,—it was the faintest dawning of the day, and went out of my house, leaving it and all that I possessed to whomever might choose to take it. I neither looked to the right hand nor the left, but went on. I trusted to the Virgin to direct me whither—for I never was three miles out of the town in my life, nor ever had heard the name of Depe-Dale before. I went on trusting to God and the mother of Christ, asking questions of no one, but proceeding towards the east, in which quarter she had appeared to me; and at length I heard a countrywoman say to a girl—'Take with thee our calves, and drive them to Depe-Dale, and return immediately.' So I said, 'Tell me, good woman, where is Depe-Dale?' and she answered, 'Go with the girl, and she, if you please, will show you the place.' So hither I came, and here I am; but I have suffered famine and sickness; and have not been able to build more than this hut to shelter me, for my strength has failed me, owing to the wild roots that I have lived on, after feeding all my life on the best of bread, and the marsh water that I have been fain to drink; and whether I shall die, or whether the Virgin will raise me up to build a house to her honour, I cannot tell, but must wait in patience, though the old enemy troubles me and mocks me sorely."

Sir Ralph was struck with compassion; and telling him to be of good cheer, he rode away, and stayed not till he reached the old town of Derby, and inquired after the baker. There all told him that he had suddenly disappeared, and they supposed him to be dead; but of his good deeds and his charities, and his holy life, they were full of praise. On the morrow Sir Ralph rode again to Depe-Dale with garments and provisions and tools for the holy man; and here he endowed him with the toll of his mill at Burgh, for his sustenance, and bade him go on in the Holy Virgin's name, and do her pleasure, and to fear the face of no man, nor the terrors of Satan himself. The good man, cheered with generous food, and comforted with warm clothing, and, more than all, by seeing how the queen of saints had wrought her will, and kneaded the heart of the mighty to his purpose, began to hew him out a more substantial abode in the rock. Day by day did he hew it and scoop it out; month after month, all alone, did he continue his labour from dawn to day-set. The sun went silently over him; the moon and stars came out, and pursued their still courses by night; the birds sang on the trees that struck their roots into the cliffs above; and the grasshopper chanted its summer chorus on the warm turf below—and these were all the company that he had; and these marked all the changes of his existence, except his weekly journey to the mill of Burgh to receive his appointed toll. At length his dwelling was complete, and many came out to

see him, and hear his strange experience ; and with their help, now one and now another, he began to collect stones and cut down timber, and prepare to build the oratory to the Holy Virgin, as she had ordered him. Seven summers, with the long intervals of seven winters, his labours continued, and then the sacred building was complete. Plain and simple was it, as became the art and means of the builder ; yet it was a lovely little tabernacle notwithstanding, as it stood on its green slope, surrounded with the ancient trees of the forest, with its little belfry in the centre, and its cross on the eastern gable, and its fair oriel windows ; for the master mason, who was raising the new church of Hainoure, had sent him a man to hew out, and set up the windows and doors, and carve and place in her niche over the altar the gracious image of the holy Queen Mother. Henceforth he descended from his hermitage to put up his orisons duly four times a day ; and here he meditated on the sweet perfections and benign graces of his holy patroness, and passed his days in rest and quiet of mind, and in activity of body ; for he dug a well deep into the earth near his chapel, and enclosed a fair garden with a living fence, and planted it with fruit trees given him by the holy brethren of Calke ; and gathered a numerous family of bees, which he delighted to watch in the bright still summer noons that lay on the silent valley like a shining dream, to watch them fly to and fro, or hear them humming—sonorous army—in the sycamores above his head.

Old age had come upon him ; far and wide the fame of his sanctity had flown, when a pilgrim, who came to seek his blessing and counsel, found him prostrate on his chapel floor, before the image of the Holy Mother, seeming to sleep, but really dead.

After the death of the hermit, Serlo de Grendon, lord of Badely, gave his oratory to his godmother, who educated her own son to do divine service in it, and came herself to reside near it. And soon afterwards she prevailed on Serlo de Grendon to invite the canons of Calke, and give them the place at Depe-Dale, where the holy fathers speedily set to work, and raised a noble church and other offices. Their prior himself went to Rome, and won from the Pope signal privileges. Here began the greatness of Dale Abbey, which, through many troubles, desertions, and renewals of prosperity, finally stood a noble fabric, and stretched its lands far round, and extended its claims over places and churches far and wide. Thither came many people of all ranks ; and there, in the chapel of Depe-Dale, was divine service performed for the souls of the Lords de Grendon, and of all who rested there ; and there, in an inn, stood on a large table a daily supply of bread and beer for all wayfarers, and for the poor of the forest.

Exactly seven hundred years have passed since the hermit entered the then savage valley of Depe-Dale—for it was in the last year of the reign of Henry I., the year 1135. Seven hundred years have passed since the hermit there took up his abode ; four hundred years flourished that wealthy Abbey through all the palmy days of Popery, till Henry VIII. came as a general destroyer ; and three hundred years of ruin have since passed over it, leaving but one noble arch to mark where it stood ; yet there still remains the hermitage in the rock, and the oratory and inn where the old man placed them.

In the seven hundredth year after the hermit's advent to Depe-Dale,—(a very little stretch of imagination might have persuaded us it was on the very anniversary of the day,)—we set off on a fine Sunday morning in August to visit this valley. The coach set us down at the village of Sandiacre, about three miles from the spot, at eight o'clock, giving us the whole day, till five in the evening, to explore it at our fullest leisure.

It was an inspiring morning. A fine shower

after a long dry season had laid the dust of the roads, and given an air of freshness to the foliage, and a sensation of it to the air. We strolled up the village to the churchyard, which is situated on a hill overlooking the village, and a beautiful surrounding scene. The smoke rose in grey columns from the farm-houses and cottages beneath us, denoting that the families of the hamlet were all astir ; and in the newly-mown crofts and paddocks that lay interspersed amongst them, the groups of quiet cattle, the cat prowling along a wall, the dog making his own canine observations amongst the docks and nettles of the home pasture, and pigeons basking in the sunshine on the top of their old circular pigeon-house, that stood isolated in the rick-yard, and other images of the spot were images of peace. Nearly all round, at some distance, extended hills of a pleasant elevation, richly wooded, and in one place was conspicuous that singular Druidical remain, the Cromlech Stone, which was apparently formed, by its rude artificers, by cutting away the surrounding hill, and leaving it in savage majesty where it stands, after perhaps two thousand years, between the Bramcote hills. In another direction, a fine wooded valley opened away before us ; and to the right, high naked fields lay in their loveliness. The churchyard presented those natural objects that are full of poetical associations to an English mind :—the old yew-tree, hollow, and twisted, and knotted, and swelled into gnarled protuberances, and round its base the turf worn away in a circular path by the busy feet of children—the purple mallow, the noble-flowered musk thistle, the wayside barley, all beautified the dry soil. The venerable old church bears ample testimony to the times of change it has passed through, of simple art and simple piety, accumulated wealth and splendour, and Puritan ravage. It now seems to tell of a non-resident pastor and a rude race of yeomanry. At the east end of the churchyard stood the ancient parsonage of framed timber and many gables ; and its garden, into which we looked over the low wall, all full of mingled flowers and shrubs and weeds—a sunny, odorous, disorderly place, for it is no longer the parsonage, but a farm-house ; and farmers are seldom very nice gardeners. We would have wandered round the church, but were prevented by a rude, dead hedge, planted from the corner of the church to the churchyard wall eastward, and again from the steeple to the wall westward, to make a calf croft behind the church. To the west across the road stood the modern parsonage in its modern shrubbery. We passed out of this old churchyard with many mingled feelings and thoughts, which it is here neither the place nor the time to unravel, and descended down a hollow rocky way, made by nature and time, and many feet passing from age to age—the very twilight haunt of rustic lovers. From the rocky sides hung down tresses of those most airy, graceful, and sky-tinted flowers—the harebells, and pink convolvulus, and wild sage ; and overhead met hazels, elders, and the drooping boughs of old orchards. It was a hidden passage of delicious aspect ; and here and there passed out of it, a stile into tempting meadows. Through that, and we were in a world of primitive quietness and old-fashioned delight. Steep hilly crofts newly mown, tall old hedges, umbrageous trees ; here a cottage perched on a height, and yet scarcely seen through the shrouding trees of its orchard. Oh, what a sense of peace seemed here ! Before us was a cottage, with its back to its hilly orchard, and its face to the morning sun. The man fetching up his cows from the croft below to milk—his comely wife smiling at us from the door as we passed, because we smiled at her child, all rosy health, that in its night-gown, and with its limbs free to the morning air, had wandered out on the green before the door. Whole families of thrushes were scattered here and there on the

ground, seeking their morning meal, and feared us not ; and a cloud of starlings that, having finished their building and rearing, went in circling flights from field to field, uttering their low chattering of contagious joy. Our hearts caught all the buoyant thanksgiving of the place, and we progressed up one of the sweetest dales imaginable. To the right, a range of hill wound along, through which grey rocks showed themselves, crested with trees, and with ferny slopes at their feet, and between them went up glades of such velvet green as beguiled us to turn and ascend them ; and surely it was a beautiful ascent. The scattered fern, the crimson betony, all dispersed amongst it ; and the astragalus stretching its branches covered with elegant leaves and rosy pods from the thickets,—made lovely these breezy hills ; and all before us lay golden corn-fields and dark scattered trees.

But we must not linger here. We ascended this pleasant dale ; passed through the village of Stanton, and climbed up into some wild woodland heights, called the Bagulli hills ; places which had once undoubtedly been delved and thrown up into heaps and hollows for some purpose, and which nature had now beautified by covering them with the softest moss, with tall fern, with oaks overshadowing the most delicious summer dells, and with thousands of wild raspberry-bushes. A most delightful place it would be to lie and read and dream in of a summer noon, full of forest odours and sounds, and overlooking a wide prospect of woods and vales. Thence we went on through a quiet country, scattered with substantial farm-houses, with their ample barns and out-buildings, and surrounded by orchards and rich fields, with tall hedges and trees of ample growth. That it was a region as little frequented as it seemed, was evidenced by the apple-trees planted along the hedge-rows ; a plan I have never seen ventured upon in any other part of this neighbourhood. We idled along, now trailing our hands through the ripe barley, now admiring these fair, silent scenes around us, till a rustic site, beneath a magnificent row of lime trees, all in flower and breathing their fragrance richly around them, led us at once into a wood on a steep declivity, along the cool stepping-stones of a narrow pathway, and all the valley of Dale lay open before us. There is one peculiar character belonging to monastic valleys. Who does not feel it ? who could not positively declare that he was in one, though no traces of abbey or convent remained ? The brooding silence, the rich meadows, the enclosing hills, that seem to shut out the busier and profane world ; the quiet farms that lie around with hedge-row thorns, grown, in a thousand years, into sturdy trees ; the greyness and rude fashion of antiquity conspicuous on the few buildings it may contain. We stood on this woodland steep, and all the valley was spread before us. Just below was the ancient oratory amid its trees ; to the right, on the open level of the valley, stood one magnificent arch of the ancient abbey-church ; near it the cottages of the village peeped from amongst a wood of orchards, and in fine irregular sweep westwards the valley was hemmed in with sloping fields, woods running at intervals up the hollows, and the smoke of farm chimneys rising above them. We descended, and visited the various objects before us. The noble arch, the sole remnant of the noble church, stands finely in the paddock, whose low grey wall still marks the boundary of the abbey yard. Two yews, bleached to perfect whiteness by the blasts and suns of a thousand years, stand near it, still showing, however, traces of life ; and all through the village you observe that the houses and out-buildings have been raised with the material of the demolished abbey. But the most interesting object is the old oratory. This is certainly the most unique thing in England, or perhaps in the world.

There still stand the inn and the oratory under one roof. It is said that there was a hole in the wall, which parted the inn from the chapel, through which those monks who were obliged to attend the chanting of mass, had been passed through to "wet their whistles"; and that this remained long after monasteries were abolished; but it is certain that there was a free passage from the gallery of the chapel to the inn, where stood the large table loaded with bread and beer, for the door is still there; but the decency of modern times being greater, or the draught less, it is now kept locked. This curious erection—this united hostel and church—this tabernacle of both heavenly and earthly manna, presents an aspect as antiquated and picturesque as it is curious in its construction and uses. From the wooded hill, whence we descended, you have a good view of it below you. The centre, which is the highest part, is of framed timber, painted black, with the interstices of white plaster-work, and bears on its ridge a little wooden belfry. The east end forms the chapel, the west the hostel. There is a flight of steps ascending on the outside of the chapel into its loft, which forms both the singing loft and the Sunday-school. As you draw near, you see dens scooped in the sand rock, and old hovels and stables that would serve our artists for brave subjects for rustic paintings. You see that the trees which overshadow the hostel are giants of long growth. There is the orchard on one side of the chapel, with its trees stooped by age to the earth, and beneath them the hermit's well; the grave-yard, with its erect stones, on the other. You see that the building, though still occupying the site on which the hermit raised it, has undergone the process of the miser's shoe, till scarcely any part of it can be said to belong to the original fabric; except it be the chapel, which is of stone, and ancient, while the hostel end is of brick, and bears a date in one place of 1638. The chapel is one of the most Lilliputian places of worship you can imagine; you would say it could scarcely accommodate a dozen people, and yet it is certain that it accommodates several dozens, for it is the parish church. Two pretty damsels came out of the school with the keys, and admitted us some time before the hour of service. And truly, a pretty little antiquated place it was, with its little quaint pulpit, its little reading-desk, and simple seats, all painted and kept in the neatest order imaginable. There is also a most ample oaken chair near them, all carved with roses and spreading leaves, which they called the bishop's chair, having been sent, they said, by Earl Stanhope, the proprietor of Dale, out of Kent; and a bishop's chair it may have been for aught I know, though here it ought to be the *abbot's*; but, at all events, it is a comely chair, with pointed back and crimson cushion, and spacious width well according with the traditional prelatical bulk. We could not help exclaiming, "What a snug little spot to be married in!" at which our damsels smiled, and said they thought weddings were almost gone out of fashion at Dale,—there was hardly one a year; but on telling them that we supposed they still had some idea of being married there some day, they smiled still more, and candidly replied, that "they lived in hope of it."

We went up awhile into the school, where a grave young man was teaching the peasant children to read in the New Testament, and who told us that he taught them "on both noons," a new phrase to us, and then adjourned to the hostel, a most rustic place indeed. A wide, ancient chimney, a brick floor, worn into hills and holes, tables and chairs of rude fashion, and old doors, with wooden latches as long as one's arm, were all as primitive as could be desired—the people well suited to the place. The landlady, a dame of most liberal dimensions, was applying leeches to the leg of a man, who had been run over by a

waggon. She then went about rubbing and sweeping, and putting her house in order, and seemed so accustomed to stooping, that an erect position was her least easy or natural one; yet when she did raise her head she showed you a good-natured countenance, with large blue eyes, much more youthful than you expected. She was full of hearty hospitality, and delighted to tell us all the traditional particulars of the place. She said the Moravians from their neighbouring settlement of Ockbrook, often came and took tea there in a large party, amongst whom is a brother of James Montgomery, and the ladies often come in companies. "Thirty such pleasant, cheerful, ladies," said the good woman, "it does one's heart good to see and hear them." "Ay," replied her husband, "and the masters often bring the boys, the scholars, a-walking this way, and vastly they seem to like it. I can always hear them coming over the hill, before they are in sight, by the merry gabble they make, and then they must come and peep into the hermit's well, and drink out of it; and peep into the house here with their rosy faces and bright sharp eyes, God bless 'em; and me or my dame must show 'em the Abbot's coat of arms—all in *filagragh* work;" pointing to a curious escutcheon in a small frame on the wall, much more likely to belong to the Grendons or Salicosamaras than any of the abbeys—surrounded by gilded foliage, as of the moorland bilberry, or the whortleberry—certainly very ancient.

But it was now near church-time, and it was pleasant to see their neighbours and relations drop in one after another to chat a little before service. The single bell of the little chapel tolled; the clergyman came up the valley, and the congregation was speedily assembled in the minikin church, singing with all their heart, and soul, and strength. As our time did not admit of our staying over the whole of the service, we now took our departure, paying, as we passed through the wood, a visit to the hermit's cell in the rock, which is simply a square room of moderate dimensions, with a door and a window on each side of it, now completely shrouded amongst the trees. We ascended the wooded hill, and turned to take a farewell look. There lay the valley in all its sabbath serenity, the sound of the psalm ascending from the little chapel, and that of a hymn from a distant camp-meeting. Still as this place seemed, and, apparently, far removed from human change, yet what evidences of the changes of times and opinions were there! That solitary arch, the majestic evidence of a mighty religion expelled from its ancient place—that little chapel, the representative of the religion which rose on its ruins, and itself now, at least as a national religion, assailed and started from its sense of security; and the chanting of those open-air worshippers, a sound from that ocean of voices, that now, like the sound of many waters, ascends to Heaven, seeking in a new form their ideal of perfect Christianity. But this was not all,—the mighty political changes of the last forty years have made themselves felt even into the depth of these retirements. The aspect of the valley was peace itself, but we had asked and found that care was in it. Ancient times seemed to linger there, but they only seemed; there were the struggling and perplexity which high rents, taxation, and lowering prices of produce bring with them. It is impossible that the heart can be sick, and the extremities at ease; and we came to the conclusion, that till England has cast off that huge weight of evils with which she is now battling with all her energies, if we would think the loveliest rural seclusion as happy as it seems, we must look on external nature in faith, and be not too inquisitive at the fireside of the farm and the cottage.

H.

## CONSOLATION.

"Twas in that pleasant season, when the year Bursts into all the beauty of the Spring, I wandered by the greenwood side, to hear What requiem to my woe the birds could sing: "O wherefore com'st without thy Mistress dear, Whose beauty lent such brightness to these bowers?"

My heart was drowned; I answered with a tear, And, how-deserted, turned me to the flowers: "Ah! where is she," they cried, "that lovely one!"

Who wretched us in her hair to make thee smile?" Mute, I implored the stream: "O let me run Murmuring beside you both for many a mile! Bring her again to these sweet banks!" it said:— And so was soothed my sorrow for the dead!

G. D.

## STEAM NAVIGATION.

[The outcry respecting the dangerous speed of steam vessels in the river, and the threatened legislation on the subject, induce us to submit for consideration the following paper, in which the writer endeavours to prove, that it is a vulgar error to suppose that the disturbance of the water is proportioned to the velocity of the vessel.]

It is not surprising that popular opinion should, on scientific questions, often deviate widely from the truth; but it certainly is matter of wonder, that the voice of science should not have been once heard, while the phenomena attending the movement of a steam vessel through the water have been so often discussed, with little intelligence, or wholly misrepresented in courts of justice. We shall now take the matter in hand, not with the intention of treating it amply or profoundly, but merely in order to call public attention to the subject, and to break a path for more competent inquirers than ourselves. We may as well mention, however, that four or five years ago a Committee of the House of Commons sallied forth one summer's morning, and embarking at Deptford, on board the *Pluto* steamer, spent five or six hours pleasantly enough in running up and down the river, trying to observe and analyze, in that brief time, (or in parliamentary phrase, sitting on,) the complicated phenomena in question. The due observation and explanation of those phenomena would not have been difficult indeed to one well versed in physical science; but the ingenious M.P. who enacted the part of first philosopher on the occasion, knew nothing of the steam-engine, and nothing of the theory of undulations; his experiments were ill-devised, and their results totally misunderstood. Hence the Report of the Committee, drawn up by him, ended where it began—in error; and, if it has done anything, has only thrown deeper obscurity over the subject which it was intended to elucidate. If the Committee had printed the register of their experiments, with the conclusions drawn from them, the criticism to which the latter are obnoxious would have been lost in the laughter provoked by the former. But as we are in duty bound to be as brief as is compatible with clearness, we shall waste no further time in preliminary observations, but launch at once into the waves. And, first of all, it is requisite that our reader should clearly understand what a wave is. If a body of water or other liquid receive an impulse in any part, the vibration arising from that impulse will, by reason of the elasticity of the liquid mass, be propagated through every part of it; and those vibrations will be visible on the free surface of the liquid, in a series of upreared portions, all proceeding from the point which received the impulse. These upreared portions of the liquid are called waves; but it must be observed, that it is only the vibration which heaves up the wave that moves forward: the water composing the wave, at any one instant of time, moves up and down indeed, but has no progressive motion whatever.

Waves move with a uniform velocity; and hence, if a stone be dropped into a smooth sheet of water, the waves issuing from the point where the stone falls, will, owing to their uniform velocity, form, to the very last, perfect circles round that point. Moreover, the height or magnitude of waves depends on the strength of the impulse that generates them: their velocity and the distance between them depend on their height, but philosophers have not as yet, we believe, discovered a general expression of the law which connects these elements in all cases.†

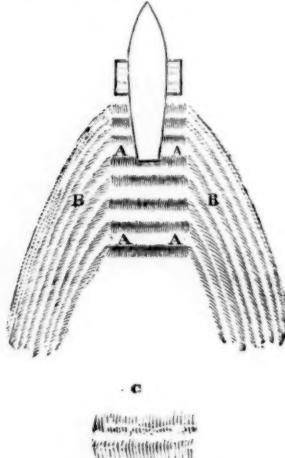
If our readers should think fit to amuse themselves, by taking this our paper with them on their next trip to the sea side, and there rambling at curling time "over the wide-watered shore," to try our theory by the testimony of the great sea itself, they must bear in mind that the ocean, being open to a multitude of impulses from many different quarters, is simultaneously crossed by many systems of waves, sometimes moving in harmony together; while more frequently their incompatibility and strife with one another are the cause, though not the only cause, of what is termed a broken sea. In fine weather, however, and in shallow water, single systems are constantly observable; and, under such circumstances, our readers will soon perceive that the height of waves is a mere trifle compared to the distance between them. We have ourselves often observed at Brighton, where the Chain Pier offers facilities for observations of this kind, that waves, certainly not much more than a foot in height, are at least eighty feet apart. It is from inattention to this particular, that the old masters of the art of painting (Claude Lorraine, for example,) have always failed to give an air of nature to the ruffled sea, for their waves follow one another much too closely and too regularly. They are too close for one system, and too regular to be a mixture of many. The order and movements of the waves, whether rolling on the beach or rearing their crests in the offing, are, in our days, represented with inimitable truth by Copley Fielding.

That the magnitude, velocity, and intervals of waves are related to each other according to an established law, is universally true; but still there is a difference between the undulations of a body of water which is sensibly confined, and of one, the limits of which are indefinitely distant. In the former case, as in rivers and canals, where the vibrations of the aqueous mass propagated to the sides are rapidly transmitted back again, the succession of waves is much quicker than it is in the ocean. We are not prepared to say what degree of contraction of the channel is necessary to effect this change in undulations of a given magnitude. It is sufficient for our purposes to point out the fact, that equal impulses acting on the water in a wide and in a comparatively narrow channel, will generate a much more rapid succession of waves in the latter case than in the former.

¶ We may here quote, pertinently enough, the following extract from the letter of a scientific friend, wherein he gives an account of a desperate storm off Madras, in which the vessel was all but wrecked. He then goes on to observe—"I had here an opportunity of testing an observation which I had heard the sailors make, that waves always go in threes, and I certainly found, that in a surprising number of instances, it was borne out by fact. We had three heavy seas, then paused awhile with almost a perfect still, and then came three seas again. The same thing was equally remarkable in attempting to land. The native boatmen, as they approached the shore, always gave up rowing, backed the boat, and sat leisurely observing the surf. At first, not understanding what they were about, I called to them to pull in, as I did not want to lie there all day, but the oldest of them replied, in broken English, 'one wave, master, go in,—two wave go in,—then we go in too.' Accordingly, the moment the second and third surf had broken, the boat was run in with all speed, and I was landed high and dry before the next returning wave. I learn from the captain, that exactly the same rule is observed by the native boatmen in passing the surf on the *Commander* coast, so that the fact would appear universal, although I do not remember to have seen it noticed."

We will now turn to consider the movement of steam vessels. The paddle boards of a steam boat are four or five feet asunder: they strike the water in succession, and, throwing it up as they emerge, they create surges, the height or magnitude of which depends on the force with which the paddle acts. The interval between them depends on two things, viz. the distance between the paddle-boards and the onward motion of the vessel. If the vessel were fixed to one spot, the surges would be at the same distance asunder as the paddle-boards which create them: but if the vessel have a progressive motion, the distance between the surges is thereby increased. Now, the surges in question are not waves properly so called, nor such as we have already described. They are not all propagated from one and the same impulse; nor, taken collectively, do they exemplify the above-stated laws of undulation. They are not swells indicating the movement of aqueous vibrations, while the water itself is without an onward motion; on the contrary, they are merely accumulations of water forcibly thrown up—their magnitude and closeness together depending immediately on the mechanical causes which produce them. The action of the paddle, of course, produces waves; but these waves, properly so called, are at a great distance asunder, and therefore easily escape notice.

Let our reader now suppose himself on board of a Margate steamer, and on his way to London. We will accompany him, for the purpose of pointing out to him the various phenomena which attend the progress of a steam-boat through the water. He will observe that when the paddle-wheels first begin to revolve, they throw up an immense foaming surge, the force exerted by the wheels being then greatest, when the inertia of the vessel is also greatest; but as the vessel acquires some velocity, the water recedes from the paddles, and the violence of the surge is proportionally diminished. But when the vessel has acquired its greatest velocity, then the surge raised by the paddle-wheels is least, for two reasons:—first, because the force with which the paddles strike the water is then least, the engines being then required only to sustain the moment or acquired velocity of the vessel; and secondly, because, owing to the onward motion of the vessel, the distance between the billows raised by the paddles is then greatest.



We must observe, also, that the billows raised in the first instance by the paddles very soon break over on their external edge, A A, and flow off in waves B B, the direction of which is obliquely inclined to that of the vessel's course.

These may be called surge waves, in order to distinguish them from the surge itself, or the billows raised in the first instance by the paddles. Furthermore, a great wave c, with a broken crest, may be seen rolling after the vessel, from 200 to 300 feet astern of it. This is the wave propagated, according to the general laws of undulations, from the impulse of the paddles, and which becomes conspicuous in the wake of the vessel, because it is generated by an impulse acting most intensely in that direction, and because it is there reinforced by the other disorders of the surface. The shore also, if not too distant for such an observation, will be seen violently swept by a wave congenerous with that last described, long before the surge waves reach it.

When the steamer approaches the narrow parts of the river and the tiers of shipping, some modifications of these phenomena present themselves.

If the engines be checked so as to lessen the velocity of the vessel, the consequence will be that the surge will be diminished for a few minutes, but as the diminution of the vessel's acquired velocity is equivalent to an increase of the inertia with which the engines have to contend, the surge soon begins to increase again, and, the billows raised by the paddles being now closer together, is more turbulent than it was before. As the vessel now moves in a narrower channel, the succession of the surge waves is quicker; and as she passes among tiers of vessels, the contraction of the space in which the disturbance takes place, magnifies its phenomena to a disagreeable, and sometimes, for small boats, to a dangerous degree.

If the foregoing observations be correct, they warrant the following conclusions. The disturbance which a steam-vessel generates in the water, is least when the velocity of the vessel is greatest. The greatest danger for small boats is on the edge of the surge; and when boatmen say that they are safer near the vessel, they only mean that there is less danger within the surge than immediately beyond its edge. The surge waves also are not without danger, as they strike more or less on the gunwale of boats, the direction of which, in a majority of cases, is parallel to that of the steam-vessel, up or down the river. But when the steamer comes alongside the tiers, or near large vessels, then the reflex waves add greatly to the preceding disturbance, the waves now striking in all directions.

The rapid navigation of steam-boats is certainly liable to strong objections, from the difficulty of avoiding collision with them; but, when no collision takes place, there is no blame imputable to the velocity of the vessel: it is, in fact, to adopt a vulgar error to suppose that the disturbance of the water occasioned by those vessels is proportioned to their rapidity: it is in close channels, near tiers of shipping or barges, that steamers cause the most dangerous agitation; but the dangerous phenomena arising from these accidents of position are always complicated, and cannot be foreseen by either the masters of the steam-vessels or the boatmen who suffer from them.

It is to be hoped, that before steam navigation in the river is made the subject of legislation, it will meet with more patient and rational investigation than has hitherto been bestowed on it.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

In the quiet and leisure offered us by the London publishers, we have been hunting for novelties in the foreign journals. They contain but few announcements of promise, and the best works mentioned have been already noticed in the *Athenæum*. We have, however, gleaned a little literary gossip, relating to Italy, from the *Biblioteca Italiana*. According to its report, Signor Felice Bellotti, the translator of the 'Greek

Tragedians,' has gained increase of reputation by an original tragedy, entitled 'Jephtha's Daughter'; and the Cavaliere Lodovico Bianchini has undertaken a 'History of the Finances of the Kingdom of Naples,' and published the first volume, which is dedicated to the times when the Normans, the Suanian or Hohenstaufen Emperors, and the House of Anjou reigned over the Neapolitan nation, and when some readers may fancy that finance was a non-entity. Count Balbo has also lately published three volumes of the letters of his friend Count Carlo Vidua. This latter gentleman appears to have been a traveller of the right old Italian, Marco Polo, school. Beginning with Europe, he proceeded by the common route to Palestine, Arabia, Egypt, Upper Egypt,—then crossed the Atlantic, journeyed over the whole of North America, but was recalled from Mexico by accounts of his father's death. He then sailed for India, made the grand tour of the Himalaya, embarked for China, visited the Philippines and islands of the Eastern Archipelago, where he died. It appears that in the island of Celebes he slipped into a solfatera, was dreadfully scalded by the boiling sulphur, and died in consequence, at the age of forty-five, in October 1830. We shall take an early opportunity of looking over these letters.

A deputation of architects, consisting of Messrs. Robinson, Fowler, Noble, Goldicutt, and Donaldson, waited on Sir John Soane, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on Saturday last, and presented him with a medal from the *Société Libre des Beaux Arts* of Paris, which had been sent over to them for that purpose, the members of that society being desirous to concur with the English architects in their admiration of the talents and munificence of this distinguished veteran in art. The deputation at the same time presented Sir John Soane with letters from the academies at Madrid, Vienna, Florence, and other public bodies, expressive of their satisfaction at the well-merited compliment which has been paid to him by his professional brethren in this country. The dies of the Soane medal were also deposited in the Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The Institute of British Architects have elected Messrs. Whewell and Willis, of Cambridge, honorary members, as a well-merited compliment to these gentlemen for their several works on the 'Gothic Architecture of Germany and Italy.'

It may be recorded as a sign of the times, that the dignitaries of the City of London are offering premiums for a series of Essays on its history and privileges. By way of beginning, the Lord Mayor elect has offered a premium of ten guineas for the best Essay on the Life and Institutions of Offa, King of Mercia. The Corporation of Liverpool has this year awarded its first prize of 50/-, for the best painting produced at the annual exhibition, to Mr. Hart, for his picture of Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin; and its second and third to Messrs. Sidney Cooper and Creswick, for a Group of Cattle, and a Landscape in Wales.

A paragraph having appeared in the morning papers, in which it is stated, that the tragedy forthcoming at Drury Lane is from the pen of Barry Cornwall, we take this opportunity of contradicting the rumour on the best possible authority.

We have heard a rumour of a Musical Festival, on a grand scale, to be given for the benefit of the Charing Cross Hospital, in the course of the next spring. It is said that many of the principal amateurs have already come forward and tendered their services. The difficulty, we suspect, will be, to find a suitable place for the performances; as nothing can be much worse, as a music room, than Exeter Hall. There seemed to be so many objections, on the part of the "powers that be," to the use of the Abbey last season, that we should fear it will be found inaccessible. Why not try Westminster Hall?

We are told, too, that the new opera by Meyerbeer, 'Leono,' now in rehearsal at Paris, is to exceed all his former doings; that the band and chorus (already sufficiently extensive) has been augmented for the occasion; and that the principal performers are delighted with their parts.—We hear, also, that Mercadante has received a commission from the Italian Theatre, and that a new Opera, by Signor Costa, is to be produced *there* during the coming winter.—The musical season here may be said to commence with the Concerts of the British Musicians, the first of which takes place on Monday the second of November. What are they to do for singers?

In addition to the new novels already announced as in preparation, we may mention, 'The Picaroon,' by the author of 'Makanna.'

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

**ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—Oct. 5.—Various donations of entomological works were announced, including the first number of the splendid 'Fauna Japonica,' by Drs. Siebold and De Haan, presented by the authors. Various new members were elected, including Count De Jean and M. Boisduval, of Paris. A communication was received from Mr. E. Doubleday, containing an account of the total destruction of a bee-hive by a small moth, *Galleria cereana*, the larva of which had completely devoured the comb—portions of which were exhibited. Several living cane plants, greatly infested by the cane fly, were exhibited by Mr. J. C. Johnstone, by whom an account was given of the rapid and alarming progress of this minute insect, its ravages extending over two-thirds of the island of Grenada, to so great an extent that plantations, which originally made 300 hogsheads of sugar, did not now make more than eighty or ninety.

Various new species of insects were exhibited by different members, and the following memoirs were read:—'An Account of the Internal Anatomy of the Larva of *Calosoma Sycophanta*,' by Dr. Hermann Burmeister, of Berlin.—'Notice of the various Entomological Subjects brought before the German meeting of Naturalists at Bonn,' communicated by Mr. Westwood.

Certificates in favour of Senator von Heyden, and several other continental entomologists, were read. The Chairman announced, that the second number of the Society's Transactions was ready for delivery.

#### THEATRICALS

##### DRURY LANE.

This Evening, MACBETH; with CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.

On Wednesday, OTHELLO.

CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS every evening.

A new Opera, entitled THE SIEGE OF ROUENNE, composed by M. W. Balf, will be produced in the ensuing week.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

On Monday, HAMLET (Hamlet, Mr. C. Kemble, Ophelia, Miss Taylor); and THE MILLER AND HIS MEN:—at reduced Prices. Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s.; Lower Gallery, 1s.; Upper Gallery, 6d.

##### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, THE MULETTER'S WIFE, (a new Melo-dramatic Romance); with MY FELLOW CLERK; and THE DICE OF DEATH:—under an extended Licence, and at reduced Prices: Balcony and Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Half-price at 1s. past 8s.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—This house has been better attended since its opening for the present season than is usual at this time of year. As much novelty has been brought forward as could reasonably be expected, and a rapid succession of it is promised. Having, therefore, every reason to be satisfied with the quantity, we are more regret having a second time to complain of the quality. 'Cavaliers and Roundheads,' an operatic drama, produced on Tuesday, appears to us to have been originally intended by the author for a melo-drama, and as it contains several of the best and most dramatic situations from 'Old Mortality,' strung together with considerable stage knowledge and skill, it would have made a

very effective one. In an evil hour, however, somebody persuaded the author, or the author persuaded himself, to turn it into an opera: this *operation* has been effected by the introduction of sundry old Scotch ballads with the old words, and of a portion of the music of 'I Puritani.' Often as we have heard music (be it to answer some particular purpose of the management, or be it to gratify the vanity or the avarice of some particular singer,) thrust head and shoulders where it was not wanted, we certainly never remember any so completely apropos to nothing as this was. It had the additional recommendation of being most inefficiently sung. Miss Healy is a nice looking young lady, and may, in time, make a pretty singer; but, at present, her musical education is far from being finished, and she had not power enough even for the English Opera House—yet was she selected at Drury Lane to follow Grisi, and to sing her celebrated polonaise. It was of course a failure, but it must have been so with any English singer except Mrs. Wood. The other introduction from Bellini, was the duet of Lablache and Tamburini, who showed themselves on that occasion the two-and-thirty and four-and-twenty pounds of song. This duet acquired a celebrity beyond its merit as a composition, from the almost super-human powers of tone produced in it, by the two wonderful singers we have named; and so stamped is the impression of their peculiar style of singing it upon all who heard them, (and who could be in London without hearing them?) that the most perfect execution of it by other persons, without the volume of voice, will not do. Messrs. Seguin and Giubilei are both clever men, and they did their best; but if Signori Lablache and Tamburini, when on their way home, had paused and sung the duet on the top of Shooter's Hill, the sound in Drury Lane Theatre would have been about as loud as what we heard on Tuesday. The time chosen for the introduction of it, too, was most ludicrous—the singers are two royalist soldiers, who, in the midst of an engagement, bravely encourage their fellow soldiers to the charge, and then remain behind to sing about their being so full of fight that somebody must hold them;—at least, this we suppose must have been the burthen. There was a farce called 'Gretta Green,' acted some fifty odd years ago at the Haymarket, in which it was judged advisable for Mr. Bannister, (we rejoice to hear that he is yet alive, and in good health,) who enacted the lover, to sing a song called 'The Siege of Gibraltar.' We forget the precise words, but, speaking of some difficulty in which he found himself, he was made to say, in complaining of it, "I declare one might almost as well have been at the Siege of Gibraltar"—up struck the orchestra, and in two minutes he was singing—

September the 13th, proud Bourbon may mourn,  
With shot

Red hot

Don Moreno was torn.

Or perhaps a better precedent for the manner in which the duet is introduced, may be found in the Duke of Buckingham's 'Rehearsal,' where one of the Kings of Brentford says—

Now then, to serious counsel let's advance.

And the other answers—

I do agree—but first let's have a dance.

There is plenty of show in the piece, as far as red and blue fire are concerned, but the stage arrangements are miserably defective throughout. The combats are wholly unnatural, and the horses are made to do everything but what they ought to do. We recommend their being withdrawn; and we recommend the omission of the whole of the music, without exception. Mr. Wardle was very military and good in *Sergeant Bothwell*. Mr. Cooper well enough in *Henry Morton*. Mr. Bartley did all he had an opportunity to do in *Major Bellenden*; and Mr. Diddear, although quite different in personal ap-

pearance from the Claverhouse of Scott, acted and spoke with good sense and discrimination. Mrs. C. Jones was admirably dressed, and acted, as she always does, as well as the part admitted of being acted, without trying ("as some of our players do") to force it beyond that. There was considerable opposition at the end, but the ayes had it.

**VICTORIA THEATRE.**—Mr. George Jones, principal tragedian at one of the New York theatres, made his bow to a London audience at this house, on Thursday evening, in the character of *Hamlet*. He was so cordially received, so much applauded during the performance, and so enthusiastically cheered at the end, that when led on he made a short, sensible, and gentlemanly speech, taking the warmth of his reception, on behalf of his countrymen, as a return for the hospitality and kindness shown by them to Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and promising to report us well on his return. We are loth to say any thing to interfere with the good feeling thus likely to be again and again reciprocated between the actors of the two countries, but, in justice to ourselves, we dare not say that Mr. Jones can act *Hamlet*. It was a stirring, a bustling, a spirited, a graceful, and by no means a disagreeable performance; but the philosophy of the part was scarcely once touched. The whole thing was far too flippant, too patchy, too conversational. He rather provoked us on his own account, for there seemed no reason why he should not play *Hamlet* well, except that he did not. He looked the part remarkably well—his figure is above average—so is his voice—and his face is handsome and intelligent. He treads the stage with perfect ease and self-possession, and his bearing caused the princely rank of *Hamlet* to "moult no feather" of its dignity. His fencing was as good as the late Mr. Kean's, and, in point of taste, better—he did not, for one moment, for the sake of melo-dramatic effect, lose sight of the place he was supposed to be in. There are many parts in which we should think that he must prove a valuable acquisition to any theatre; and if he have a mind to remain here for a while, he will surely command an engagement. In acknowledging the compliment of being called for at the end of the play, Mr. Jones stated, that he was the first American citizen to whom such an honour had been paid. We presume, as he says so, that it is true; but if it was not paid to his countryman Mr. Hackett, one of the best comic actors who ever appeared on any stage, we can only say, that it ought to have been.

#### MISCELLANEA.

**Florence.**—Accounts from Florence, state that so great were the apprehensions entertained there of the cholera, that the picture of the Virgin in the church of Santissima Annunziata has been uncovered. This sacred piece of antiquity is the Palladium of Florence, and never exhibited but to persons of the highest distinction, and that only at the interposition of the supreme authority. It is not unveiled even on the festival of the Annunciation; and it is only on occasion of some extraordinary calamity or rejoicing (as, for instance, lately, on the birth of the crown-prince) that it is exposed for a time to the eyes and kisses of the people. It is a fresco painting, representing the Annunciation, and many copies of it are dispersed over Italy. The legend relative to it is, that Bartolomeo, the painter, tired with work, left off one night when he had finished his picture, with the exception of the head of the Virgin. Next morning, when he went to complete his task, behold, the head had been meanwhile painted by invisible hands!

**Omega Shoal.**—Our contemporaries, especially those more immediately connected with the naval service, will no doubt see the propriety of

giving currency to the following paragraph.—Omega Shoal, although not far distant from Batavia, has escaped the notice of navigators, until its discovery, March 1st, 1835, by Captain Russel, of the American ship *Omega*, from Canton bound to New York, of which he has transmitted the following information:—"The ship *Omega* under my command struck on a shoal, and remained on it twenty-five hours, beat off her rudder, and received damage in her bottom; got off by throwing overboard cargo of the value of about 15,000 dollars to lighten her, and she was obliged to be hove down at Onrust near Batavia, for repairs. This is a coral shoal, steep to its edge, being 60 or 70 yards in breadth, and extending about N.E. and S.S.W. 150 to 200 yards, having on it from 10 to 13 feet water, and it bears about E. by S. from the south end of the North Watcher, distant one mile and a quarter. There is a channel of 12 fathoms water between the island and the shoal. As this danger has not been known hitherto, it may be now noticed publicly under the name of *Omega Shoal*."

**Phosphorescence.**—Prof. Pleischl, of Prague, having exposed a solution of bisulphite of potash in a porcelain vase, observed in the evening that the edge of the vase was covered with a brilliant phosphoric light, similar to that which is seen on the surface of the sea at night. The luminous rays sometimes seemed to cover the whole of the liquid, and when stirred with a glass tube, it became even more brilliant, and emitted sparks. By means of this tube, M. Pleischl took out some of the luminous crystals and examined them. The phosphorescence lasted for an hour, and the next day the crystals were found hanging on all sides of the vase.

**List of New Books.**—*Shewell's Housekeeper's Account Book* for 1836, 2s.—*A Treatise on the Disorders of Near Cattle, with the Causes, Symptoms, and Mode of Cure*, by Abel Earl, 12mo, 5s.—*Scott's Guide to the Lakes of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire*, with a Sketch of Carlisle, 18mo, 3s.—*Cole on God's Sovereignty*, 12mo, 6s.—*Shelford's General Highway Act*, 12mo, 6s.—*Lennington's Rhetorical Speaker*, 12mo, 4s, 6d.—*Lee's Observations on Medical Institutions*, 8vo, 1s.—*Paterson's Roads*, 18th edit. 8vo, 1s.—*The School Prayer Book*, 18mo, 1s.—*Pratt's Highway Act*, 8vo, 6s.—*The Oriental Annual*, for 1836, 21s.; large paper, 2l, 12s, 6d.—*The English Annual*, for 1836, 15s.—*Friendship's Offering*, for 1836, 12s.—*The Biblical Keepsake*, for 1836, 21s.—*Figures of Fem*, 2 Parts, 12mo, 1s. each.—*Wardrop on Blood-Letting*, post 8vo, 4s.—*Venables' Interlinear Translation of the First Ten Chapters of Gregory's *Conspicetus**, 12mo, 4s, 6d.—*Evans's Letters of a Pastor to his Flock*, 2d edit. 32mo, 1s.—*Dissent Exploded*; or, the Bubble Burst, 12mo, 2s, 6d.—*Twelve Sermons*, preached at Keyworth, by the Rev. E. Thompson, M.A., 12mo, 5s, 6d.—*Family Commentary upon the Sermon on the Mount*, by the late H. Thornton, Esq., M.P. 8vo, 5s.—*Howell's Sermons on the Lord's Prayer*, 8vo, 5s.—*Trollope's Analecta Theologica*, Vol. 2, 8vo, 17s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Mr. Assistant Commissary-General Thomson.**—It is always with regret that we say an unkind word of any book, and never intentionally give needless pain to the writer; having, therefore, cleared our consciences as towards the public in the review of "Italy and Switzerland," we should have been well content to let Mr. Thomson repose under the shadow of his laurels; but he buzzes about us like a moth round a candle, which it perplexes humanity to decide, whether to leave to its folly and the fire, or to crush at once. We do not in the least doubt that he thinks his book a miracle of connoisseurship: he is too deep in ignorance to suspect, or even to be made sensible of, his absurd blunderings. Self-complacency clothes him as in a rhinoceros hide. The misery of his case—the wrong of which he seems especially to complain—is, that we did not point out *more* of his errors. Why, were not ten or a dozen in less than a column of criticism honour enough for such a volume? Does he assert that we were wrong in our illustrative proofs? Does he deny that the Pitti Collection, containing some hundreds of ancient masterpieces, is dismissed in about half a column of the *Athenæum*? On the contrary, he argues, that the fact that it contains some hundreds is "a very good reason for selecting only a few!" so that, had it contained some thousands, it might, we suppose, have been still more briefly disposed of. Does he deny that the Campidoglio Museum is dismissed in just *ten words*? that on the immense marble quarry at the Vatican he bestows scarcely half a page? Does he deny that he says, "the sepulchral

monuments of the Popes at St. Peter's are *executed by Michael Angelo, Fontana, &c.*," or assert, that we were wrong in stating, that there is *not one monument* there executed by Michael Angelo? Oh, no; but the tomb of Paul III., he says, was executed by "another sculptor after his design." What is that to the purpose, even if it were true? But, in every line of Mr. Thomson's defence, we read his self-condemnation, and this blundering, in common with a mob of amateurs, between Michael Angelo's design and Della Porta's aphorism, caricature of it, would be sufficient to convict him of incapacity had he committed none other: according to Mr. Thomson and his brother cicerone, Michael designed every milestone of a statue in Italy. Does he deny that in his "useful pocket companion" he has taken no notice of the famous *Pieta*, which was executed by Michael, and is in St. Peter's? Does he deny that he repeats the vulgar error, that the uppermost order of the Coliseum is composite, or that he cites with cognoscenti rapture the Temple of Concord, one of whose "beautiful Ionic columns" happens to be standing on its head upside down? Not he; but with self-satisfied dulness he observes, "If I am in error in regard to the Coliseum, it is, as the critic admits, a vulgar, or, in other words, a common one;" and, as to the "beautiful Ionic column, which happens to be standing on its head, "That may, or may not be." And that was the "conclusive and damning" stuff, as he calls it, which we feared to publish! So, too, as to the Spolizie of Raffael being in his *earliest* manner, and not a fine specimen—these, he says, are "matters of opinion." So be they then, otherwise we might have referred him to Lanzi (if, indeed, he ever heard of the author), in whose history he would find that work specified as commencing a *second* style, and as a wonder of beauty. But, now Mr. Thomson brings his artillery to bear; and, therefore, we desire to speak by the card. "You affirm," he says, "that I say that Michael Angelo introduced into Florence that severe style of architecture which characterizes it." This is true enough: and, we added, "that severe style is not Michael Angelo's at all, nor due to him, but to Arnolfo, Brunelleschi, Michelozzo, and others before him." Here, however, it appears, we have "adopted an ordinary trick of dishonest reasoners and critics, that of wilfully misquoting a passage in order to pervert its meaning!" Now, let our readers attend to Mr. Thomson's correct report of his own words:—"I said that Michael Angelo introduced into his native city *much* of that severe style which characterizes it." Why, what a vain weak creature must this man be to found such a charge on the omission of a word merely and gratuitously nonsensical—for what can be more ridiculous than to talk of a *man introducing* much of a style which is admitted to have been the essential characteristic of the works of the most celebrated men of preceding ages? We affirmed, that the general style of Florentine architecture was totally unlike, and antirr to, the style of Michael Angelo; that to say, much of the latter prelaid, was to give an egregious misrepresentation of the place; and in support of our opinion, we should be content to refer to any pair of travelled eyes pretending to architectural experience—except Mr. Thomson's. If, indeed, it were our cue to break fresh ground, we should like to perplex the poor brains of the artistic guide, by asking, what he means by this potential monosyllable, by referring him to name categorically the works of Michael which give architectural character to Florence. Of course, he would not venture to refer us to the Laurentian Library, or the *Capella del Principe*, both of which are *interiors*, and totally dissimilar to that gloomy and pale-faced facades of the city. We have given now Mr. Thomson the benefit of a second notice of his book, which, we are persuaded, was his chief object. His talk about wilful misquotation is truly "Much Ado about Nothing," and will perhaps remind the reader of that clever scene wherein the Prince's officer, the modest Dogberry, regrets the absence of the Sexton:—

Dog. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write me down—the Prince's officer, coxcomb. Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass. Dog. O! that he were here to write me down—ass.

We think there are other of the King's officers who may regret that the sexton was *not* absent, or that they had no need of a secretary "to write them down."

**Association of German Naturalists.**—We have been favoured by more than one correspondent with accounts of this meeting, and we return them our best thanks—not the less deserved, because we had received a direct communication on the subject. In the name of those present (see p. 765), "Froterp," "Fronsdorf," "Tromsdrff," and it is probable that there may be other errors. We take this opportunity of suggesting to all correspondents the necessity of writing names legibly: we have frequently no available means of helping us to decipher their hieroglyphics.

We are also indebted to a correspondent for a full and well-attested account of the *toad found alive, interbred in a solid mass of red sandstone*, which was mentioned at one of the sectional meetings at Dublin. As, however, the facts, do not appear to be disputed, it is not necessary to publish the paper.

The Publisher is willing to give one shilling each for Nos. 47, 107, 108, 167, 168, 169, and to purchase the volumes for 1828, 1829, No. 375, the first number of this year, is reprinted, and now ready.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

## ENGLISH LAW.

PROFESSOR PRESTON will deliver his INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, on MONDAY, the 2nd of November, at Eight o'clock in the Evening precisely. Any Gentleman presenting his card will be admitted to this Lecture.

W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.

King's College, London, Oct. 8.

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Oct. 5, 12, 19, Dr. Grant, F.R.S.E., Zoology.  
 — 27, Henry Wilkinson, Esq., The Warlike Machines of the Ancients.  
 Nov. 2, 10, Christmas, Esq. A.B., Popular Superstitions.  
 — 17, Rev. G. F. W. Mortimer, A.M., Idumea and the Ruins of Nineveh.  
 — 24, Thomas Jackson, Esq. A.B., Rome in the Time of Augustus.  
 Dec. 1, J. Hemming, Esq., Chemistry.  
 — 8, 15, R. Addams, Esq., Magnetism and Electricity.  
 1836. Jan. 12, 19, Dr. A. T. Thompson, F.I.S., Physical Education.  
 — 26, Mr. C. J. Dellefille, Esq., French Literature.

## SCHOOL OF PHYSIC IN IRELAND.

THE PROFESSORS will commence their LECTURES and HOSPITAL ATTENDANCE on MONDAY, the 2nd of November, at the following hours: —

At 9 o'clock the Hospital will be visited by the Clinical Lecturer.

At 11 o'clock, Dr. Crampton will Lecture on the Materia Medica and Pharmacy.

At 1 o'clock, Dr. Macartney on Anatomy.

At 2 o'clock, Dr. Barker on Chemistry.

At 3 o'clock, Dr. Graves on the Practice of Medicine.

At 4 o'clock, Dr. Graves on the Institutes of Medicine.

Clinical Lectures will be delivered on two days in the week, by Dr. Crampton and Dr. Barker, at Sir Patrick D'Uo's Hospital.

The Lectures on Midwifery will be delivered at 10 o'clock, by Dr. Montgomery, Professor to the College of Physicians; to whom applications should be made by Pupils desirous of attending

Professional Midwives.

The Lectures on Anatomy, Chemistry, and Botany, will be delivered in Trinity College; the Lectures on Materia Medica, Practice of Medicine, Institutes of Medicine, and Midwifery, at Sir Patrick D'Uo's Hospital.

Demons will be given in Trinity College, by Dr. Macartney, Dr. Nolan, and Mr. Carlile.

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According to a recent return of the Students of the University, the Degree of M.B. may be obtained after somewhat more than one year, dated from Graduation in Arts.

The Licence of the College of Physicians may be obtained by Non-Graduates, after a period of four years occupied in Medical Study, as prescribed by the College.

(Signed) G. A. KENNEDY, M.D.

Registrar to the College of Physicians.

September 11, 1835.

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